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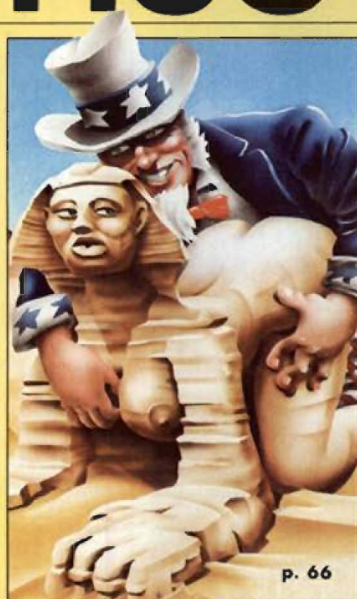
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HUSTLER APRIL 1979 VOL. 5 NO. 10  
U.S. subscriptions \$22.00 for one year. Foreign \$28.00.  
Direct subscription correspondence to HUSTLER Magazine,  
P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067.  
Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at  
additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



## PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# HUSTLER Goes on Trial Again

**B**y the time you read this issue, my third trial for obscenity in the state of Georgia will be under way—this time in Atlanta. Some of my critics maintain that I'm merely a headline-seeker who is interested only in publicity. After what I've been through, I would hardly say that that is the case. I don't know why these critics find it so hard to believe that I'm genuinely concerned about the First Amendment and the way it is being threatened in the courts of this country.

Although I am crippled, I will continue the fight for free expression in America, and I will defend the right of *any* adult to read HUSTLER Magazine. If an American in any part of this country has been unable to purchase HUSTLER because of censorship, then the rights of this individual have been violated. It is nothing short of fascism when a citizen is denied free choice of reading material in a so-called democracy.

As either a casual or regular reader of HUSTLER, you may have wondered why all these cases are being prosecuted. Why does HUSTLER always seem to be on trial when other magazines

are not? Why is it always Larry Flynt who gets arrested, and not Hugh Hefner or Bob Guccione? The reason is simple. While HUSTLER deals with sex in a candid manner, it is also a political magazine that publishes many things the Establishment doesn't want to see in print.

So it's not really a question of sexually graphic material at all, even though individual prosecutors may present their cases in the name of sexual repression. It's a question of trying a man they can't shut up. And they never *will* be able to shut me up. Getting shot down on a Georgia street didn't stop me, and neither will another obscenity trial. The sexual revolution may have started with *Fanny Hill*, but if I have anything to say about it, it's going to damn well end with HUSTLER Magazine.

A handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in dark ink. The signature is stylized, with 'Larry' and 'Flynt' written in a cursive-like script.

*Publisher &  
Chairman of the Board*





# Some Things Go Together

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# SHOW & TELL

Cover by Clive McLean

**W**hen poet T. S. Eliot wrote "April is the cruelest month," he probably didn't know how right he was. After all, this is the month when the Internal Revenue Service calls you to account, the bills from your Christmas shopping arrive, marked "Overdue," and all your problems seem compounded. Since we can't help pay your taxes or bills, we designed this issue to put those problems in a different light and give you a laugh or two as well.

But the return of Richard Nixon to the American political scene is no laughing matter, and one thing is perfectly clear. A cruel and costly mockery of justice was perpetrated by President Gerald Ford when he pardoned Nixon for all crimes he may have committed while president. It appears that Tricky Dick left the White House with a fortune in gems that belonged to the U.S.—meaning *us*, the taxpayers. **NIXON'S GREAT DIAMOND HEIST**, chronicled by **CHUCK ASHMAN**, should serve as a warning to us all: Watergate was just the tip of the iceberg. Ashman, now a free-lance journalist, was co-anchorman on L.A.'s unique and irreverent news show *Metro News*, *Metro News*. For the companion artwork we needed an illustrator with a jeweler's eye for detail, and the man for the job was **ALEX EBEL**.

Of course, hypocrisy and rip-offs are not exclusive to politics. The church has been jacking us around for centuries with a cruel form of manipulation and control: programming us to deny and repress one of God's greatest gifts, our sexuality. **THE REVEREND TED McILVENNA**, a Methodist elder and internationally renowned sexologist, believes it's time the church unlocked the shackles and faced the facts of life.



"Sex and religion are not mutually exclusive," McIlvenna says. "I'd argue that theologically with anyone. If you look at your own sexuality with a deeper understanding, you will find God." Articles Editor **ZBIGNIEW KINDELA** and Senior Editor **MICHAEL STOTT** conducted the interview, and claim that what McIlvenna has to say about God and sex makes this a must-read interview for anyone, no matter what road he or she has chosen.

However, there are times when the road is chosen for you, and as Contributing Editor **FRANK FORTUNATO** can attest, the trip can be quite taxing. When he returned from his **MIDEAST MISSION: LOOKING FOR A LASTING PIECE**, he accused us of cruel and unusual punishment and put in for combat pay. "When you guys said you were going to send me to a hot spot," he moaned, "I thought you meant Plato's Retreat. Getting laid in Cuba was tough enough, but this was dangerous. Those people in the Middle East are *crazy*."

After he was informed that several staff members had offered to sell

their wives for a shot at his traveling assignments, though, Frank (pro that he is) changed the subject and got down to business. His in-depth analysis of the war-torn Holy Land proves that no matter what the circumstances, sex remains a fundamental concern of life. Illustrator **GARY HALLGREN** provided the accompanying artwork, and we're happy to welcome him back to the pages of **HUSTLER**.

We're also happy to welcome to the **HUSTLER** fold the author of this month's fiction—**ROBERTA METZ**—the first female fiction writer we've published. An accomplished poet, Metz skillfully weaves a passion-charged tale of a lonely prostitute who falls in love with a man whose only purpose in life is to keep moving on. The capper to this sensuous story is a piece of art by our highly coveted illustrator **OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS**. This writer-artist combo of Metz and DeBerardinis adds credence to the adage that the best man for the job is often a woman.

And while that may be a hard and cruel fact for some of you to swallow, it's a truth we at **HUSTLER** have been aware of for some time. For example, no issue would be complete without the work of crack photographer **SUZE RANDALL**. A firm advocate of the Disco Fever Theory, Suze outdid herself with this month's centerfold. Check it out, along with **MATTI KLATT**'s adaptation of **SLEEPING BEAUTY** and **JAMES BAES**'s photo-spread of **BRIGITTE**, one of the hottest blondes to come our way in a long while.

You don't have to send in your taxes for a while yet, so why not relax and get into this issue? Let things come as they will. But don't forget: Filing deadline is April 15.

Sorry, but life can be cruel. ☹



Zbigniew Kindela

Michael Stott



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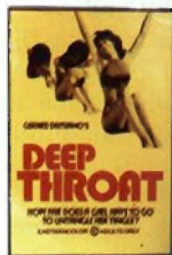
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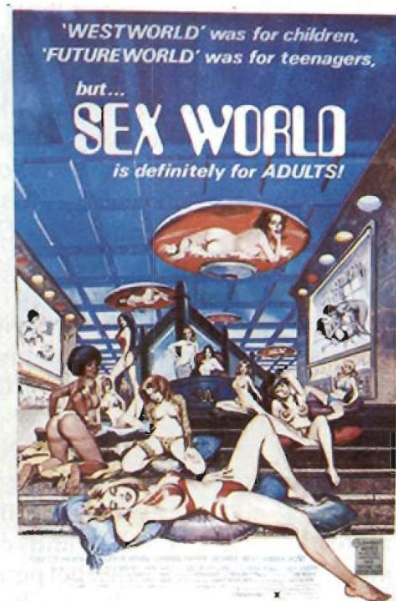
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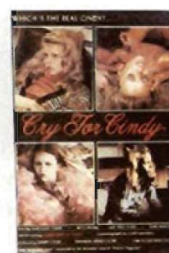
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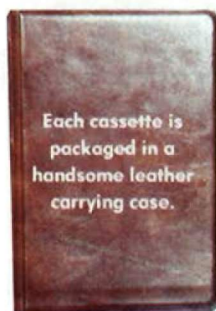
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# FEEDBACK

**She Never Looked So Good!** I really enjoyed your nude pictures of Angie Dickinson (*Angie Dickinson & William Shatner Bare All in Big Bad Mama*, February). I have been wanting to see Ms. Dickinson nude for a very long time. I have made a hobby of collecting nude pictures of famous stars. I'm amazed that so many people I didn't think would pose nude have done so.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Louisville, Kentucky

Congratulations on being the first magazine to publish nudes of supersexy Angie Dickinson. I only regret that you didn't print more of them, especially full-frontal nudes. I'd also like to see photos of other famous actresses—first and foremost, Sophia Loren. I also hear that in a remake of *From Here to Eternity* Natalie Wood will appear completely naked. We would all like to see Natalie in the nude, I'm sure. Then there's Ursula Andress. Here's to more sexy pictorial features on nude female celebrities.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Iowa City, Iowa

*We hear you. Keep your eyes peeled for future issues of HUSTLER. And watch for next month's Ten Most Wanted list in Bits & Pieces. We're offering ten famous ladies, selected by our readers, a million bucks apiece to pose HUSTLER-style for our photographers.*

I have just finished reading your article on *Big Bad Mama*, which featured Angie Dickinson in some nude scenes. While I can applaud these frame blow-ups (which, surprisingly, have evaded publication for so long), it must be pointed out that the accompanying text was factually misleading. The writer who attacked the film evidently never saw the picture and merely used an old press book for his information.

Positive proof of his lack of familiarity with *Big Bad Mama* is his contention that the scenes shown with the article were "out-takes" and "that Corman no doubt had left [the scenes] on the cutting-room floor." If the author had seen the film, he would have known that all the scenes you published were in the film both on its initial release and in the print shown on the cable-television network.

HUSTLER's avowed campaign for freedom of speech must include responsibility, and your publication owes it to your readers to set the record straight and admit that HUSTLER fucked up. Or are freedom of speech and responsible journalism mutually exclusive at your editorial offices?

—Dan Scapperotti  
Lindenhurst, New York

*No, indeed. But our Research Department ascertained that in many sections of the country the nude scenes in Big Bad Mama were minimized or*



*completely deleted when the film was released. Parts of the country are more puritanical than others, and even R-rated films are sometimes expurgated before release in these areas.*

**Rejects?** I enjoy HUSTLER; it's one of a kind. I recently bought HUSTLER REJECTS #2. You may be right about camera techniques sometimes screwing up a photo, but I still say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I am referring to the lady Moon—such beautiful breasts! Please, if it's possible, run more pictures of her.

—Name Withheld by Request  
City of Industry, California

**Black Beauty:** The art of lovemaking, totally meshed with the sensitivity and spirituality attained through this art, was magnificently expressed by the African couple photographed in the January HUSTLER (*Roots of Passion*). Nowhere, other than in sculpture and in paintings, have I seen such quality and warmth portrayed. Truly a masterpiece!

—Joanne Fiaschetti  
Carthage, New York

I have just received your February issue, and I must tell you I agree with S. Henderson, who wrote in *Feedback* about what a nice, large cock Willie L. Jenkins has (*Beaver Hunt*, November 1978). But another beautiful black stud who's a great turn-on is the one in the *Roots of Passion* photo-feature. I sure would like to see a centerfold showing that beautiful cock hard and just the head of it in the lovely black chick who's with him. I'm getting horny just looking at the pictures now while writing this.

—Norma Brown  
Independence, Oregon

**Black-Out:** I just bought the January HUSTLER only to come across a pictorial featuring shit-black niggers. Fuck you! I look forward to getting a tremendous hard-on with HUSTLER each month. But when I got to the section with those jungle bunnies, my dick immediately went limp. It's bad enough that you're showing dick. But nigger dick? Not for my money, you ball-biters.

—Brian Edwards  
Macomb, Illinois

*Your insecurities are showing, Brian.*

**Gemstone:** Whoever Bruce Roberts was, he told more truth in the February HUSTLER than anyone else ever has about what's going on at the top of our government (*The Gemstone File: JFK's Killers Revealed*). I hope it awakens the voters.

—James Montgomery  
Oronogo, Missouri

I bought your February issue and found my worst nightmare exploding right out of your pages in *The Gemstone File* expose.



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Right now millions of Americans are being forced to sit back and rock their lives away. Simply because they're older. Stop and think about it!

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## FEEDBACK

Needless to say, I am afraid, hopeless—but even worse, uninformed. I've talked to friends and have tried to tell them what I read in your magazine. They don't want to hear about it. One friend said, "Why, if everybody knew about what really happened, we would lose faith in the American way."

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

*We believe that getting information about massive government lies and cover-ups out in the public arena is a good way to start protecting and preserving what is left of "the American way."*

**Kind Words:** Regarding Larry Flynt's February *Publisher's Statement*, "Heaven at a Price"—Amen, brother!

—Reverend Glenn Generaux  
Northridge, California

I agree with Larry Flynt in his *Publisher's Statement* "Heaven at a Price." I got involved with a religious outfit here in Chicago about ten years ago, and what Mr. Flynt says is entirely true. Because of this "religion" I have had no sex or love life. I am still a virgin although I am 22 years old. I have been brainwashed, and my health is almost gone from working for them.

Now I have broken free and am starting to undergo therapy. According to them, Larry was Public Enemy No. 1, and when he was shot, there were prayers said in hopes he would succumb to his wounds. That's when I broke free, as I definitely enjoy HUSTLER.

Long live Larry Flynt and the ideals of freedom for which he stands! As for myself, I shall continue to fight in my community for Larry and HUSTLER, and one day I hope to be in the "One for the Ladies" feature in *Beaver Hunt*.

—B. B.  
Chicago, Illinois

**... And Cowshit:** Sex is wonderful. You make millions of dollars dragging this gift of God down to a degenerate level. You exploit the weakest and sickest people in our society, and you mock (by outrageous cartoons) the things millions of people hold to be sacred and holy, such as the virgin birth of Christ. Then you get up on your holier-than-thou soapbox and moralize about TV evangelists and ministers who you claim are fleeing people.

Has God given you some kind of supernatural gift to judge these matters? Isn't it possible that some people are helped by these ministers? Up here in the country we have a saying that fits you just fine: "Mr. Flynt, you're full of pasture pudding."

—B. T. Lake  
Dalton, New Hampshire

**The People's Magazine:** My wife and I read HUSTLER because of its unique, truthful articles, as well as the good-looking cocks

and cunts. These, mixed with a little grossness, bring the magazine down to earth and reality. It is not just another magazine full of shit to line the pockets of money-hungry cocksuckers.

To me, the fact that HUSTLER is one of the top-rated publications in the country means that being both entertaining and informative benefits the people. I'd like to tell all the people who condemn HUSTLER to cut the shit. They are all assholes for destroying what America stands for: Freedom!

—Jean and Linda Mosser  
Portland, Oregon

**Sexual Responsibility:** I was truly saddened while reading January's *Feedback* letters in regard to your article *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* (November 1978). It seems the whole world is against women who choose abortion over the lifetime responsibility of raising a child. Perhaps HUSTLER, which claims to be educating America, should run a series of articles entitled "The Sex Act: Its Consequences and Responsibilities."

Magazines like yours expound casual sex, never dealing with the responsibilities of the act. Grow up. It takes two to create life, and both adults should be held responsible for that life. When men stop acting like horny teenagers and enter into relationships with responsibility, the abortion issue in America may soon die of boredom.

—Kathy Geoghegan  
Fairbanks, Alaska

**Food for Thought:** Your magazine has turned my stomach more times than I care to remember. I have thrown it into the fireplace and sworn I would never dirty my hands with another copy. I have had tears run down my face as I read some of the most moving and sincere articles written anywhere today. I do not like everything you put into your magazine, but if I did, it would be my magazine, not yours.

Now, about people who say HUSTLER is shameful. Satan loves to operate in secrecy, and guilt is one of his favorite weapons. You have shown that Christians are human, and he doesn't like that. He'd like the world to think that when you become a Christian, you put a padlock on your sex organs. Satan had your guts ripped out in Georgia, and God let you live. I wish that I could fight beside you.

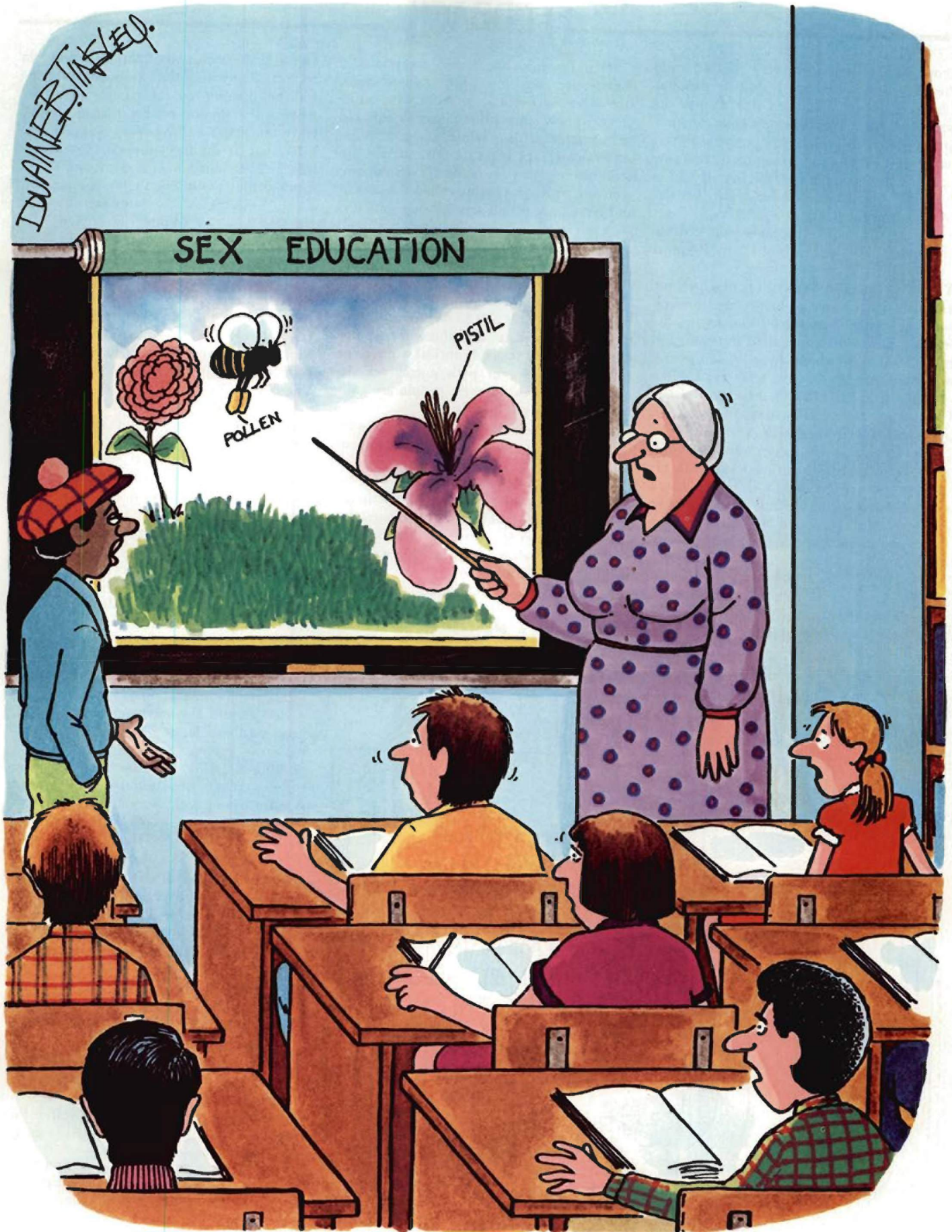
—John E. Parker, Sr.  
New Albany, Indiana

I grew up as the son of a minister in South Carolina. I turned against religion because of the ignorance I encountered. Yet my heart was never turned from God. I began to read extensively about historical and scientific study of the Bible and became a biblical scholar. I trusted in God completely. God led me to what I believe to be the undeniable truth about Jesus of Nazareth.

Larry, I have seen that you are serious



DAVID B. JENSEN



"That might be how honkies get pregnant, but niggers fuck."



# FEEDBACK

about loving God. I am very pleased with the fact you understand that traditional Christian dogma about sex has little to do with God. Most scholars don't have the guts or knowledge to present the public with the true Jesus. I'd also like to say that I feel you now own a special place in this country, Larry. You are persecuted for your beliefs, which stand for freedom.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**The Wild and the Crazy:** Thanks for your excellent magazine. It's helped me through some dry times. Sometimes, you know, the hand is more convenient than the cunt. Let me tell you a bit about myself. I am a wild and crazy guy. And I have a fantasy I'd like to share with HUSTLER's other readers. It involves a trio—myself, a foxy American girl and another well-hung male. I would like to be on top of this lady, penetrating her cunt, while the other guy is on his back, with his dick up her ass. I'd like us all to grind to a mutual orgasm, then I'd like to see him give it all to her. So could we please see a threesome in an upcoming issue?

—Neil Morrison  
Paterson, New Jersey

*We're in business to please you readers. Look for a threesome in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER.*

What I would like to see are photos of cheerleaders wearing white athletic socks and/or white-cotton knee socks with saddle shoes. I know many other readers would also be interested. Girls in white bobby socks and saddle shoes are big turn-ons, so why not keep turning on your readers? Why doesn't someone start a magazine called *Cheerleaders*, and have photos and articles every month?

—Frank Peterson, Jr.  
New Haven, Connecticut

**Straight From the Hip:** Would you please stop putting male-female spreads in HUSTLER. I don't pay \$2.50 a month to see dicks. I'm a lesbian, and there is nothing I like better than to see beautiful women. Besides, if I'm caught with magazines that have male-female spreads, people are going to think I'm straight.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Fresno, California

I am one of the many women who buy your magazine faithfully. HUSTLER is fantastic and digs right down to the bare facts about government cover-ups. And I go for your sexual realism. Keep writing and publishing. HUSTLER is great.

—I. B.  
Boonton, New Jersey

**Measure of a Man:** Some fellows may

object to the inclusion of photos of males in HUSTLER, because they know their women will be making odious comparisons. But those guys should realize that a woman takes her man's entire personality into consideration. If she loves him, she loves him; this includes his imperfections and shortcomings along with everything else.

—Stewart Manville  
White Plains, New York

**Porn Poetry:** The D.A. has run you from East Baton Rouge,  
My issues must come in the mail,  
And if I find out who's been opening them,  
His ass to the floor I will nail.  
Larry is back and Krassner is gone,  
And just in time too, I might add.  
The covers got neater, the insides  
turned meeker,  
The magazine's hard-on did sag.  
Now that Larry and Jesus  
have come to terms,  
We expect HUSTLER's nuts to come back.  
We want posters and stories and  
girls of all types,  
And all of them flat on their back.

—David Navarre  
Denham Springs, Louisiana

**Guts:** Why are some people so afraid to have their names printed on letters to *Feed-back*? Is Larry Flynt afraid when he publishes HUSTLER or when he states his viewpoints in his *Publisher's Statements*? NO! I think that anyone who has the balls to state a view should also have enough balls to at least sign the letter. Anyone who doesn't have the guts to sign his or her name is nothing more than a yellow-backed mother-fucker. What this country really needs is more people like Larry Flynt.

—Billy Don Workman  
Las Vegas, Nevada

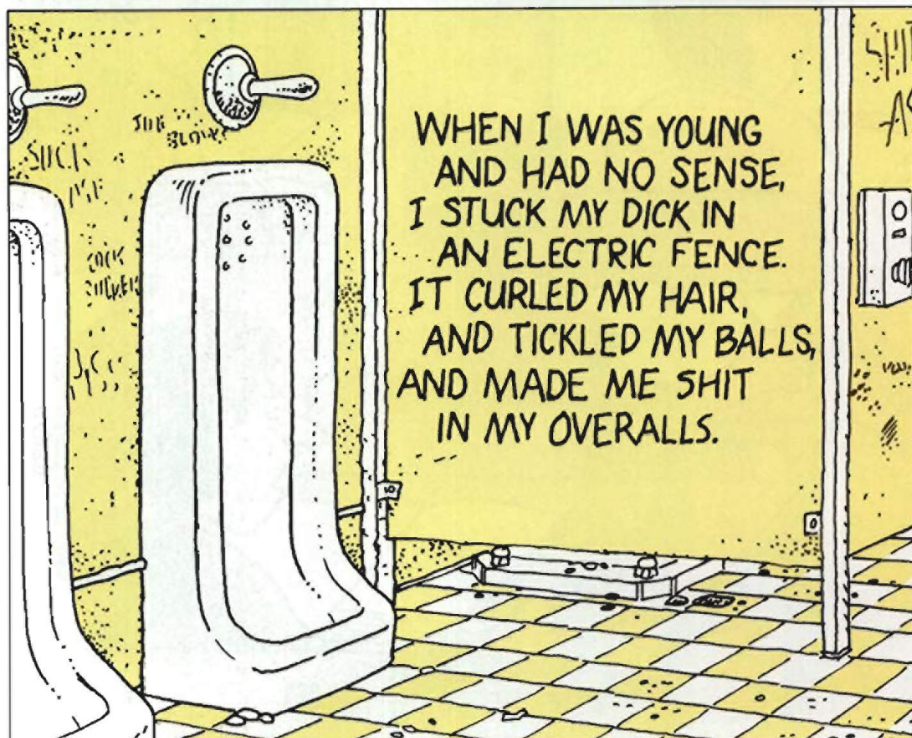
**HUSTLER Goes North:** Once again the Canadian Postal Service is playing God. A customs inspector here is not only too cheap to have his own subscription to HUSTLER, and is keeping ours, but he also has decided what is immoral for my wife and myself. This is the second time this has happened, and it also happened with our "Squeeze a Fruit for Anita" T-shirts.

Maybe the Postmaster General gets his jollies by keeping people's magazines, but it really burns my ass. I wish there was something you could do to burn theirs. Keep up the good work. We will go to Detroit or Port Huron, Michigan, to get your magazine if we have to.

—John and Jo Anne Warner  
London, Ontario

*No need to cross the border, John and Jo Anne. Our new International Edition of HUSTLER is now available on Canadian newsstands.*

## GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO R.M., SAN FRANCISCO, CA.



# World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Just when it seems dress codes have gone the way of the Hula-Hoop, along comes Judge Stephen R. Pratt. The Clay County, Missouri, judge has banned women who wear pants from testifying in his courtroom. Female witnesses attired in slacks or pantsuits are ordered to wear a brown, wraparound skirt, which is stored in the prosecutor's office. While there is no dress code for men in Judge Pratt's courtroom, he has told some male witnesses to upgrade their appearance.


A favorite pastime of many Mexican men may be on the way out--at least in the subways of Mexico City. In an attempt to stop men from pinching ladies' fannies and making suggestive comments to women passengers, males and females are being segregated on one of the city's three subway lines. Authorities say that if the experiment proves successful--presumably, if women feel more comfortable without ass-grabbers in their midst--the program will be implemented on all of Mexico City's subway lines next year.

Things are not entirely gay in the homosexual world. Health authorities report that there is now a syphilis epidemic among homosexual men. Doctors report that syphilis and the clap are on the increase among gay men and that many physicians don't recognize the problem because they're unfamiliar with gay sexual practices.

Lesbians have been in the news recently too. A federal judge in Boise, Idaho, ruled that the city was wrong when it canned six female police employees for allegedly being gay. The women didn't deny being lesbians, but sued the city for \$10 million, claiming their Constitutional rights to due process were being violated. Although the judge didn't order the women reinstated, he did say he felt they had a legal right to press their claim against the city. Meanwhile, in Cleveland, Ohio, a woman filed for divorce from her lesbian common-law mate. And in Minnesota a judge ruled that a St. Paul man could stop paying alimony to his ex-wife because she is a lesbian.

It's official. According to the Arkansas Supreme Court, toilet seats are meant for sitting, not for standing. A Russellville, Arkansas, woman who says she fell off a toilet seat sued the hospital in which the bizarre accident occurred. A jury awarded her \$13,000 in damages, but the state supreme court reversed the decision. During the trial Lorene Bynum explained what had happened. She'd visited a rest room only to find that the toilet seat was dirty. There wasn't enough toilet paper to cover the seat, she said, so she took off her shoes and tried to stand on the crapper. She said the seat came loose, and she lost her footing. The supreme court ruled the hospital was not negligent in the case.

Virginity can be hazardous to your health. A mental-health official at Purdue University reports that female college students who complain to counselors about health problems frequently are suffering from anxiety caused by being virgins. He says girls come to the university clinic with vague complaints, including loss of appetite, fatigue, insomnia and irritability. The official says it's frequently discovered that the girl is feeling abnormal because she's neither using some form of contraception nor having sexual relations with men--like many of her sister students are.

Are there still people in America who believe storks bring babies? It's possible, if the results of a study by the Project on Human Sexual Development are accurate. The study indicates that today's parents are "confused and uncertain about sexual issues." Researchers determined that parents are as reluctant to talk about sex with their children as their own parents had been with them. The problem exists among all classes, according to the study, which also concluded that "teenagers today are more sexually active, but...it doesn't look like they are much better informed." 





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# Bits & Pieces

**R**onald Reagan, the aging darling of America's right wing, keeps turning up like the proverbial bad penny. He's back in the limelight again, gearing up for yet another attempt to capture the Republican presidential nomination.

There are many reasons why Reagan should be named HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month. One of the best is a recent comment California's lackluster former governor made about the tragic mass murder/suicide of Peoples Temple members at their settlement in Jonestown, Guyana.

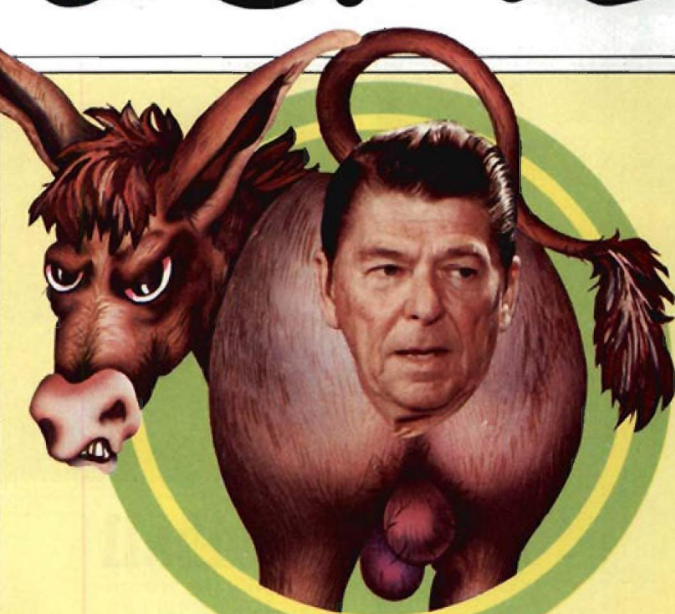
Speaking in Bonn, West Germany, where he was attempting to create the illusion that he's involved in the United States' foreign affairs, Reagan pointed out that most of the political supporters of Peoples Temple leader Jim Jones were Democrats.

Reagan continued: "I'll try not to be happy in saying this. [Jones] supported a number of political figures but seemed to be more involved with the Democratic Party. I haven't seen anyone in the Republican Party having been helped by him or seeking his help."

In other words, Reagan seemed to be saying that he is happy that Jim Jones and his followers were involved with the Democrats.

What a cheap shot! What an asshole!

Trying to make political hay out of the horrifying events at Jonestown is about as low as you can get. Trying to link Jim Jones and his sorry group of devotees to one's political opposition is such



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Ronald Reagan

pathetic and obvious bullshit that we're certain every American who read Reagan's words was filled with disgust.

Reagan was wrong, to boot. Records reveal that Jim Jones was a registered Republican for six years and that while his cult was based in Mendocino County (in northern California), his followers were urged to support a number of Republican politicians, including Richard Nixon. During this period, temple members did precinct work, addressed envelopes and made phone calls. Jones even indirectly

supported Reagan himself through the Mendocino County Republican Central Committee.

It wasn't surprising, really, that Reagan made such a stupid comment as he did in Germany. During his tenure as California's governor he made a number of frighteningly stupid remarks, not the least of which was his famous statement that "once you've seen one redwood tree, you've seen them all." That came as Ronnie opposed the establishment of a national park to preserve thousands of acres of redwood forests in the state.

To show that Reagan is more than just stupid—to show that he has a strong tinge of fascist repression built in—recall what he had to say about student antiwar demonstrations a few years ago: "If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with."

And he wants to be President of the United States?

Today Reagan is remembered in California as the chief architect of a plan to more or less dismantle the state's mental-health program. While he was governor, mental-health services were cut back drastically. Some mental hospitals were closed, putting patients in need of psychiatric care back on the streets.

His cuts, made in the name of "economy," not only were a disservice to persons with severe emotional problems, but also added to the burdens of taxpayers forced to pick up the tab for local care of individuals belonging in state-supported institutions.

Reagan got into politics after an undistinguished career in Hollywood. He is one of the few actors ever to gain fame by sharing the bill (in *Bedtime for Bonzo*) with a chimpanzee. In fact, Bonzo the chimp would probably have served with greater distinction as governor of the Golden State.

Now Ronald Reagan is preparing to make another stab at the presidency. Let's not forget his poor showing as a governor; let's not forget his absurd and frightening political rhetoric; and in particular let's not forget that he is one of America's prime, grade-A, number-one assholes.

—Lee Quarnstrom





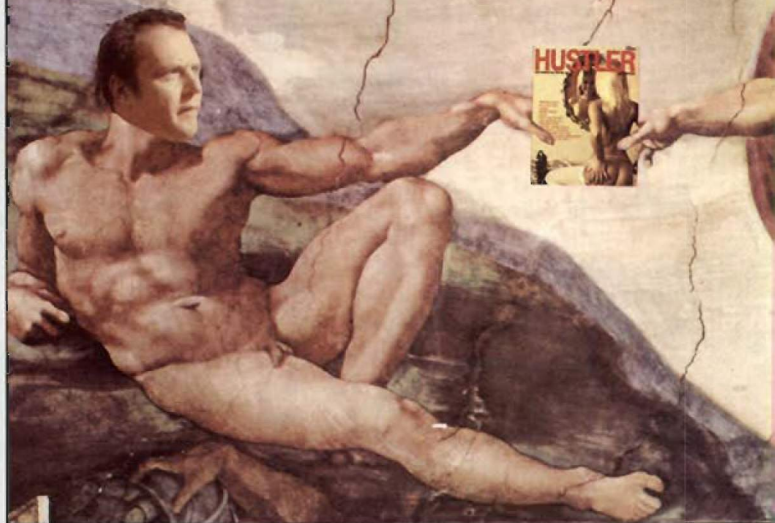
## Keeping America Safe

What is the Ultimate Weapon? The neutron bomb? Nope. The laser gun? Nope again. As every man who's ever served in the infantry knows, it's the foot soldier. The infantryman is

honored at Army bases around the country with heroic statues, glorifying him as The Ultimate Weapon. No wonder, then, that our enemies don't want to fuck with the American soldier.

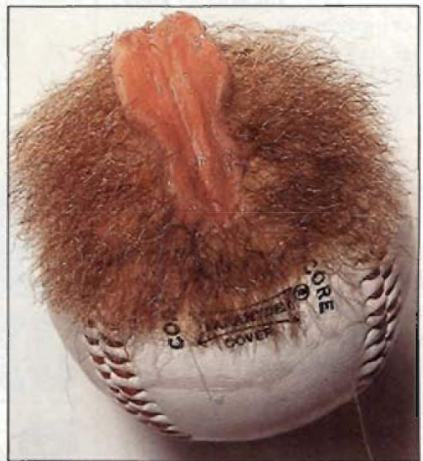
## Great Moments in Porn #1

Larry Flynt delivers a copy of HUSTLER to his first subscriber.



## Hardball

It's baseball season again, and HUSTLER's office team is hoping to stomp the shit out of our opponents in the Southern California Smut Editors' League. Pitcher Ron Johnson has devised a screwball pitch to toss at our rivals. It'd be just like them to complain that R.J.'s putting something on the ball before he delivers it.

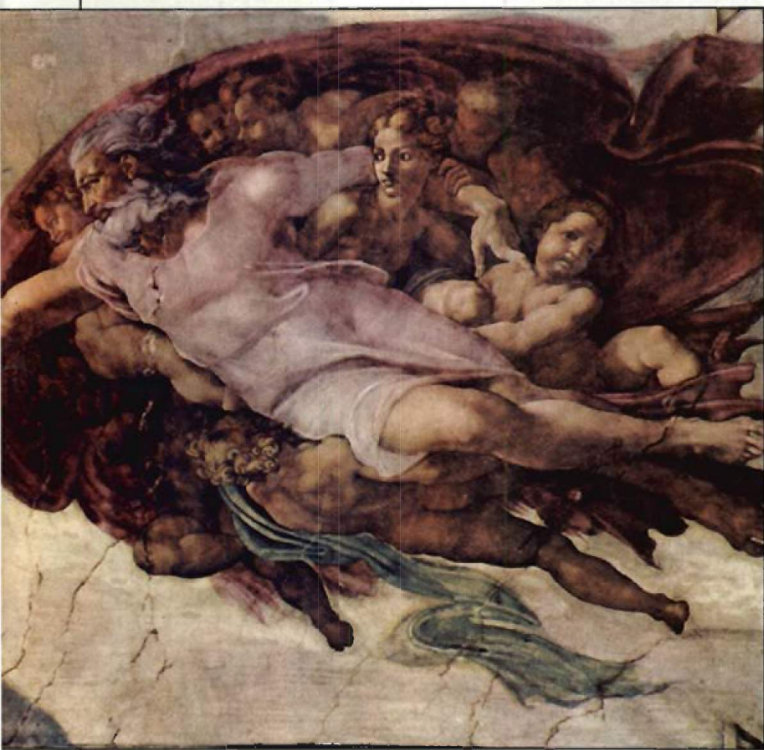


## Hung Jury



*Screw* Publisher Al Goldstein recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of his magazine with a party at Plato's Retreat, a New York City sex club. His guests of honor were some of the jurors who voted to acquit him during his obscenity trial in Wichita, Kansas, in 1977. Al, the fat pornographer shown here with the jurors, apparently brought the Kansans to Plato's Retreat to give them one last chance to reconsider their decision. Anyway, HUSTLER congratulates Al for his incredible feat of having put out *Screw* for a decade—even though we all know he started the magazine up because he figured it was the only way he'd ever get to meet girls and get laid.





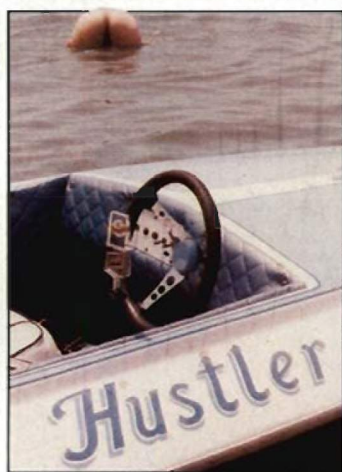
## Fighting Females

Photos of battling broads are the specialty of the folks at B&J Enterprises. If snapshots of cat

fighths get you off, you can order a complete catalog from B&J at P.O. Box 5003, Greenville Station, Jersey City, New Jersey 07305. We don't think we'd want to meet up with these babes in a dark alley—or in a bright one for that matter.

## Moonies

With strange religious cults taking it in the ass recently, there has been a whole shitload of complaints about the Moonies. Frankly, we don't understand what all the fuss is about. Our readers have sent us photos showing just what the Moonies are up to. They've discovered that one Moonie is a member of the Goldiggers squad at the University of Texas at El Paso. There are Moonies in the armed forces. And there are Moonies on river rafts, including one who looks like she has a short fuse. In short, these



Moonie cultists don't seem to be a real pain in the ass at all.





## Redd's Book

What's black and blue and Redd all over? It's *Redd Foxx, B.S.*, now on sale at your local bookstore. B.S. stands for Before Sanford. Foxx was one of America's great "blue" comics for years before his rise to stardom on the popular television series *Sanford and Son*. His book, co-written with Joe X. Price, chronicles the early club years and is well worth the \$8.95 price tag. It's published by Contemporary Books, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601.



## Campus Cock

When Bob Lyss wore this cock costume on the College of the Holy Cross campus in Worcester, Massachusetts, he offended some of the school's administrators. Lyss received the following letter from the assistant dean of students:

"Dear Bob:

"I am writing to review our discussions of Thursday... and of Monday... which were held in my office. Those discussions were in regard to your masquerading as a penis on Halloween evening. Specifically, you have told me you are the person responsible for entering the library and the Hogan ballroom and in both instances creating a disturbance. As I have told you, my concerns over the incident stem from the inappropriateness of the costume and the lack of consideration for both individuals who might be offended and the values of the college. It is for these reasons that I asked you to write an apology to be printed in *The Crusader*. I trust you have learned from this inci-



dent, Bob. I was pleased to hear you say you understand how such actions offended the college community. I appreciate your honesty in dealing with me and your efforts in getting the apology to *The Crusader*. If you have any questions or concerns with this matter, please feel free to contact me.

"Sincerely,

"James F. Wuelfing."



## Muff-Diver

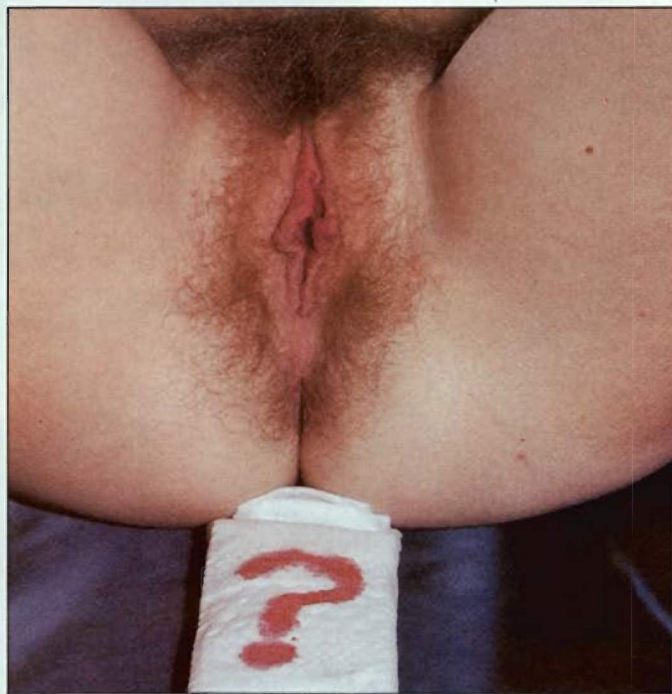
Oral sex is skyrocketing in popularity. More and more men and women are shaking off the old, repressive taboos against fellatio and cunnilingus, and

getting their licks in on their wives, husbands and lovers. This guy is caught 'twixt and 'tween—he's really getting into muff-diving but says he hasn't been able to get used to the smell. It sure sounds fishy to us.



## Really Big Prick

You've heard that women don't care how much you've got, but how you use it. Not true, this little lady tells us. She goes for size, not style—and the bigger the better. She's hot for this well-hung dude, an outfielder for the San Francisco Giants.



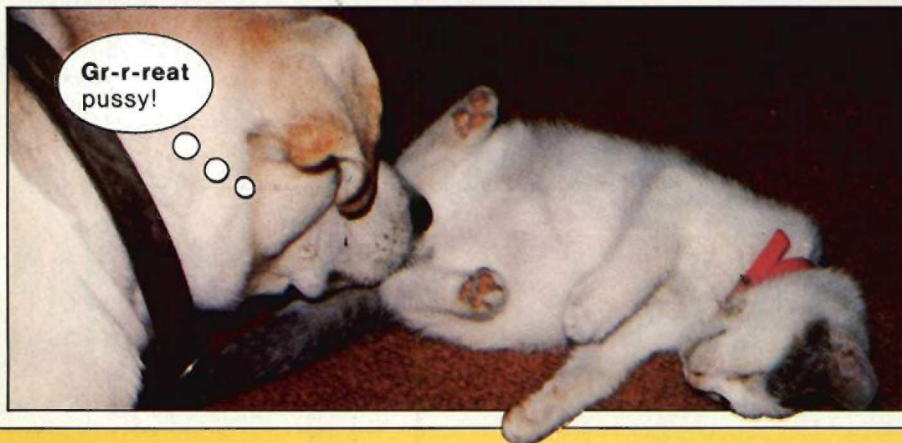
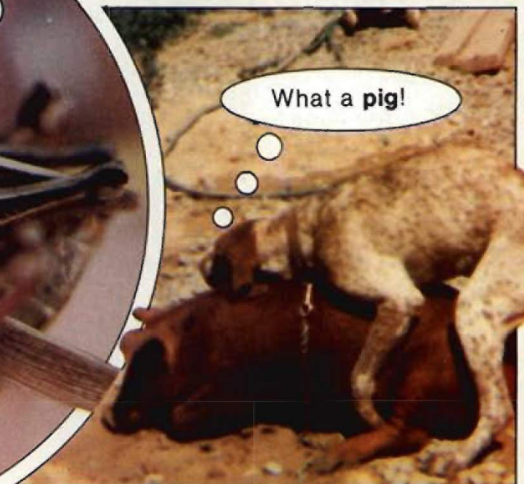
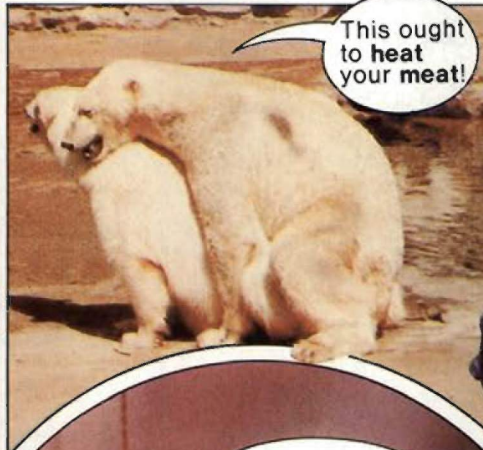
## Questionable Quirk

Most women have periods. This lady, an English teacher in Atlanta, has question marks

instead. Her question marks "come punctually once each month," she exclaims.



# "You Animal!"





Dear Rosina,

9/11/77

I want to thank you for your lovely letter's. In case you don't know it, the authorities have just begun to give me my mail. For the past month they had kept my mail from me.

Rosina, your letters were really nice to read and I'm glad I have you as a friend. However, there are alot of things that can never be, such as, the two of us getting together. Whenever I'm going, it will be for a long time, too long. I don't think we could ever get together, it just cannot be.

Rosina, I sense that you very much like me - a lonely person. I just hope this letter happens to cheer you up.

I'm going to pray for you, Rosina, that you find alot of friends in this world and that you find someone to love, who can be with you and share his life with you.

Goodbye, Rosina, and thank you for caring. Take care.

Yours Truly  
David B.  
(Sam)

## Pen Pals

These bizarre letters from prison were written by Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, and David Berkowitz, Son of Sam. The letters—evidence of sexual frustration on the parts of both men—were purchased at auction by Al Goldstein, who ran them in *Screw*. Both DeSalvo—who signed his letter "Al"—and Berkowitz were sexually disturbed. The killer of as many as 13 persons, DeSalvo himself was stabbed to death in prison. Berkowitz fatally shot six persons and wounded seven in New York City. From these letters it's clear that DeSalvo wanted someone to respond to him as a man; how ironic that he spoke of love when his crimes against women were so brutal. DeSalvo's letter was addressed to a man named Roy, a transvestite and apparently a former lover of the Boston Strangler. And Son of Sam comes across as a lonely, frustrated individual. It's too bad these men weren't treated with love and affection as children. Think how many lives might have been saved.

Oct. 20, 1972

Hi Sweet's:

Here I am....with a nice long one for you!!! And I mean a long one.....ha ha!! Here I am looking down at my little pony..... little??? ha ha!! watching as it seems to be crying.....as it drips drops of love juice.....while I sit here and dream of you!!!! Oh!!! how I wish.....I could feel your sweet lips and the flicker of your tongue.....as it covers the head of it.....driving me right up a wall!!! Tonight!! I would love to have ~~xyou~~ ~~xyin~~ ~~bed~~ with me, so we could hold each other close...our bodies tingling...as we rub them together.....then slowly I would turn you over.....and kiss your neck....right on down....till I touched the moonds of your cheeks.....sending chills and thrills up and down your spine... Then I would spread your soft cheeks.....and slowly let the tip of my pony.....finds its way into your beautiful ass.....till it got in so deep.....and made you feel so good, not having a bit of pain.....only the feeling you love so much.....moving deep within shooting hot streams of love juice...filling and over flowing.....running between your legs.....as I drive it deep into you....sending thrills all through your body!!!! Then together....we would.....turn.....and fill each other with love juice.....as only true lovers would!!! Would you believe I have just came all over my legs...and it is running down the side, oh, if only you were here my love.....Tell me, was that picture, I mean pictures of you in the pantys and bra, of you? If you know what I mean? Or a girl friend, let me know please... I say this because...if they thought it wasn't a girl, they wouldn't let it in.....other wise, I have been, if later on any more photo's come in...I'll get them, as long as they show only panty and bra....no pulling them down...ha ha!! I would have gotten those, if you didn't pull the panty down...so send me other in panty and bra, I'm so hot right now.....I'd love to have you....thinking of you oh am I thinking of you.....I can just about feel my pony slipping between your beautiful ass.....driving deep and hard.....as only you would want it!!!!!! I'm glad that you put in a new ribbin..wow I wasn't able to read the last letter to good....Don't worry you will get a copy of my new book, we will be filming in a week or so. The book is coming along good... I'll write in my next letter what you can send to me, towels are nice big ones bath towels a slip is not needed, just mail them. I'll get them.

good night - my LOVE

OH!  
IF ONLY  
YOU WERE

Here

Love

AL



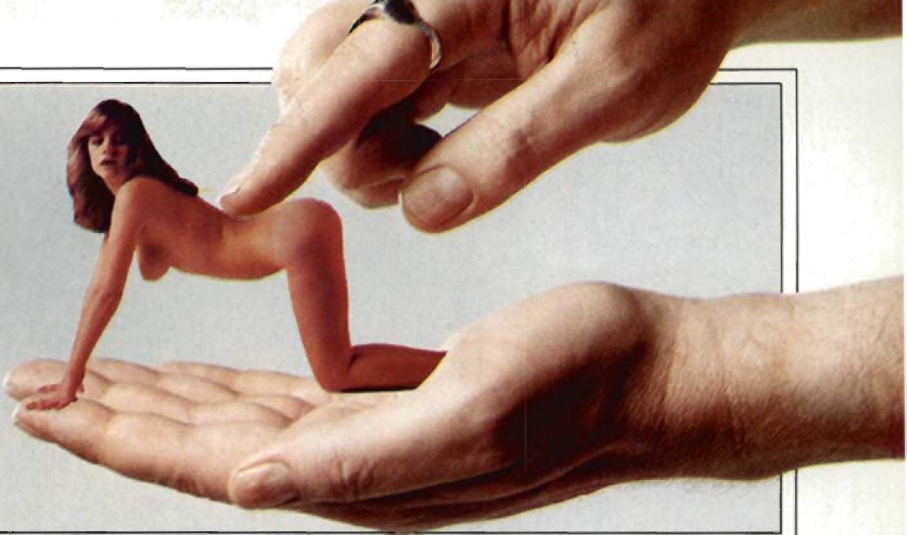


## The Better To Fuck You With, My Dear

Little Red Riding Hood was a bit surprised the first time she took her basket of goodies over to Granny's house only to find the wolf in her bed. But it didn't take her very long to overcome her fears, particularly when she noted, "My, what a big cock you have, Granny."

## Pet Girl

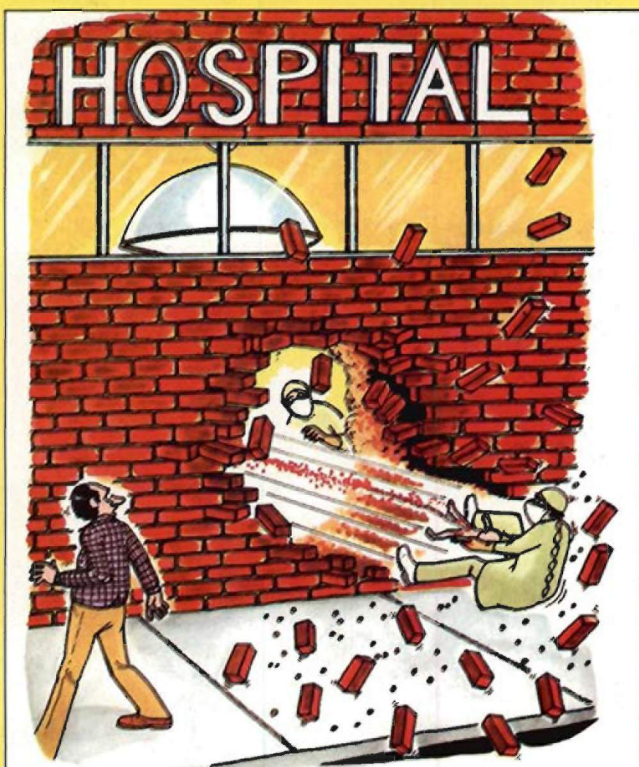
First it was the Pet Rock, followed by HUSTLER's Pet Turd and the Pet Screw. Now meet the Pet Girl. She's available in a variety of colors and comes with her own box. She'll eat whatever you want, and she loves to be stroked in the morning.



## Breast-Feeding

More and more mothers, concerned about their children's health, are returning to the old-fashioned custom of breast-feeding. Unfortunately, it's been so long since many women have even thought about breast-feeding that some mothers don't quite understand the principle. As a hint to new mothers, the method of breast-feeding pictured here is wrong.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



## HUSTLER *Update*

### WAR

January 1977

In *The Real Obscenity: War*, HUSTLER presented shocking photos of victims of the tragic Vietnam War. Now, according to an American general who commanded troops in Vietnam, that awful war "saved far more lives than were lost." This incredible statement was made by William C. Westmoreland, who said the war produced methods to deal with health problems such as malaria. The horrible price paid for such knowledge, not cited by



the retired general, was 1,600,000 lives—including those of 57,000 Americans.

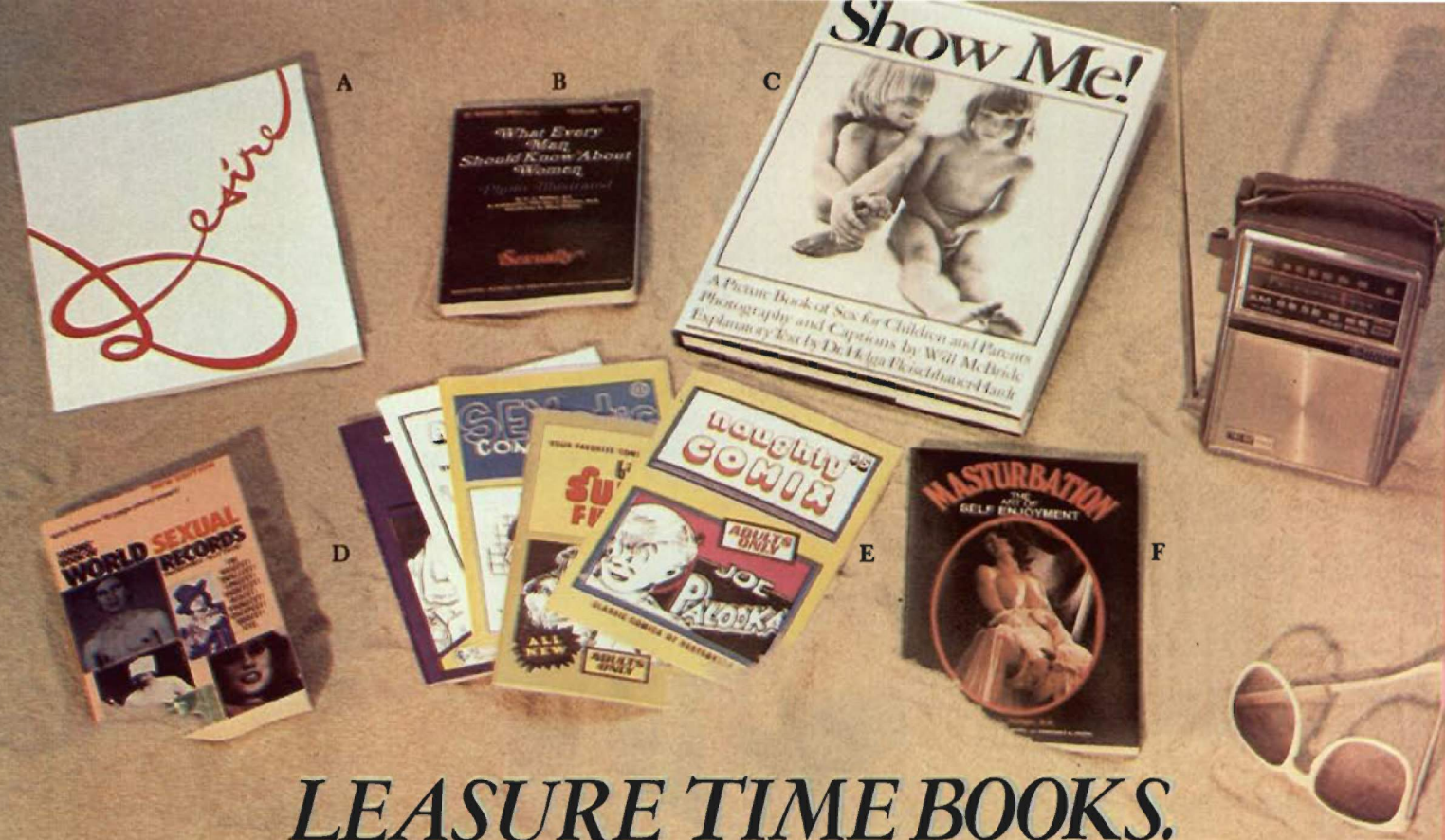
### JIM JONES March 1978

HUSTLER was the first national magazine to blow the whistle on the dubious "religious" activities of the Reverend Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple. We pointed out in *The Chosen Few* that Jones was suspected of inflicting physical punishment on his followers and of fleecing his flock of money. Last November, Jones exhorted 912 temple members—who had moved with him to a jungle settlement in Guyana—to commit mass suicide after he apparently directed the murders of Congressman Leo Ryan and four others.



HUSTLER pays \$100 for visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For April, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Thomas Buscemi, John Crowe, Reds DeJesse, Ralph Donato, Joseph Franklin, Robin Keats, Robert Lyss, Gary McClendon, Richard Metzger, Larry Okun, Jim Petty, Joe Ries, Norma Rooks, Oran Ulius and Sp/4 Robert D. Wright.





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# ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

*Advise & Consent* is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

**Storm-Trooper Sex:** I met a man a few months ago who is into having his women dress in black boots and garters, with whips for accessories. I'd like to please him, but I'm not sure what to do. —T. B. Eugene, Oregon

If a dominant female is what he wants, then, in the S&M parlance, make the worm suffer. The books say that someone with your boyfriend's fondness may be a masochist—someone who is into having pain inflicted on him. Sadism is the label put on those who derive sexual satisfaction from inflicting pain.

Your boyfriend may be one of those who simply enjoys an occasional "disciplining" or "domination" from his female partner as an alternative to the missionary position. Have you asked him to define exactly what it is that turns him on? Is it that he wants to see you dressed up like a dominating mistress, or does he actually want to be dominated? Does he want you to look aggressive and fierce, or does he truly want to suffer under your heel?

Once he has defined just what he's looking for, there is some cautionary advice if he wants you to play the role of the evil dominatrix. If he asks you to do something that you can't do in good conscience or that might result in injury, firmly turn him down. Know your limits and your partner's limits by discussing the scene beforehand and by determining a word or sign that means stop.

Don't rig up an apparatus that you don't know how to operate, and don't use or do anything that cuts off circulation or air supply. If he seems unable to express any kind of aggression except against himself, or if he shows deep guilt feelings about sex or his body, he's a candidate for professional help. These are signs that therapists note in people whose behavior often results in bad accidents (sex play gone berserk) or suicide.

Locating the accessories for his fetish will be the easiest part. The high, shiny-vinyl "go-go" boot is still fairly popular, and can be ordered through catalogs like that of Frederick's of Hollywood, which advertises in the back of most sex magazines. The same goes for garter belts, black stockings, uplifting corsets or even long black gloves. Whips, if specialty shops like *The Pleasure Chest* aren't easily accessible, can be found in tack shops. (*The Pleasure Chest* has outlets in New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Miami.) These items may range from short riding crops (perhaps the most practical) to long bullwhips. The list of other accessories—paddles, belts, handcuffs, blindfolds,

gags, dildoes—is only as limited as your imagination. You can combine these with scolding, spanking, pinching or even something useful (like making your friend clean the bathroom).

You can get books on the topics of masochism, domination or aggression by checking the card catalog at your library or by writing to the Sex Information and Education Council (137 North Franklin Street, Hempstead, New York 11554) or the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality (1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109).

**Primitive Preference:** I know that a good many women dig hairy-chested men. I've got a thick beard, plus plenty of hair on my head, arms and legs, but nature neglected my chest. Is there anything I can do about it? What about a transplant? —R. R. Tacoma, Washington

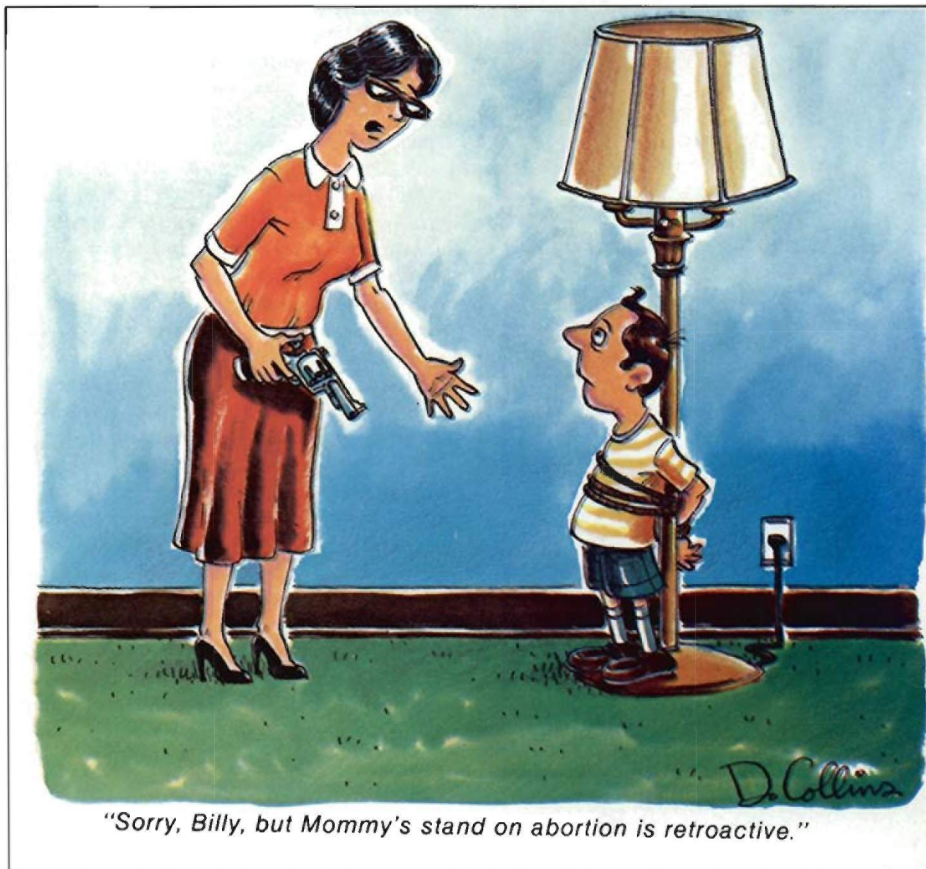
Some women don't like hairy men, so it doesn't seem worth worrying about. And there's little you can do about it anyway. Hair-transplant specialists tell us that no one has yet developed a successful transplant method for moving healthy hair to the chest. And there aren't any creams or ointments on the market that aid hair growth safely and effectively.

Consult a nutritionist to be sure your body is getting enough vitamins; zinc is especially good for the hair. Develop your chest and upper-arm muscles and perhaps rub yourself with oils. The

"Greek god" look may impress the girls enough so that they don't notice anything is missing.

**Before It's Too Late:** There's a possibility that I may have contracted VD several months ago, and last week I went to my doctor for my annual physical. I couldn't get over my embarrassment enough to say anything to my doctor about it. He did a blood test, urine test—the whole works. Would a venereal disease show up on one of these tests? Also, if I had contracted VD three or four years ago, would it still turn up on tests made recently, or would it be too late to determine? —C. D. Atlanta, Georgia

You didn't say what form of venereal disease you suspect you contracted, or even what symptoms gave you that impression. But when a physician conducts a complete physical with a battery of blood tests, syphilis is normally checked for. You might call your doctor and ask whether a Wassermann or VDRL was done when you were in for your last visit. Your doctor will know then that you're worried about the possibility of having VD. The Wassermann or VDRL would have shown positive even if you had contracted the disease years ago. In some cases the tests would have come out positive even if you had been treated and cured years ago (this is known as a false-positive). Ideally, your doctor would have notified you if your serology came back positive.





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## ADVICE & CONSENT

Gonorrhea diagnosis has no blood test. Normally, you would have noted a burning pain and increased urinary frequency within a week, and a greenish-yellow pus within another day or two of your contact with a diseased partner. A laboratory culture is done on a sample of any discharge present or of a smear taken from the affected part (usually the penis, but sometimes also the anus or mouth, depending on the point of sexual contact). The test would show positive even if you had contracted the disease long ago. If for some reason you don't want your own physician to check you out, go to a VD clinic.

**Piss-Informed:** I know I am quite ignorant and most likely sound like a pee freak, but back in the '50s (when I was a teenager) a boy's only source of sex information was the locker-room bull session. So at age 12 I thought girls peed out of their butts, at 16 I believed sucking on pussy would make a girl pee in your mouth and at 22 I heard that women had a kind of tiny dick that pointed straight down. Now at 35 (and married 11 years) I am as confused and ignorant as ever.

I've heard that a woman has a peehole separate from the vagina, but I've never located that hole on my wife. She's too shy to pee while I watch, and I haven't the nerve to sneak into a public ladies' room. (I hope I never stoop that low.) Can you give me the straight facts on how women pee? —R. C.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

You probably wouldn't be able to answer your questions by watching your wife while she's on the john. Everything to be seen is tucked away between her legs. The best way to find out where the urethra is located, other than by consulting medical texts or sex manuals (like *Woman's Body: An Owner's Manual* by the Diagram Group), is by close examination. Have your wife lie on her back, spread-eagled. Within the folds of her outer vaginal lips (fleshy and hairy) you will see the inner vaginal lips (smooth and pinkish). With the vaginal lips parted you will be able to see the vagina and, directly above that, the very tiny urethra. And if farther above the urethral opening, where the inner lips are joined, you pull apart the folds of skin ever so gently, out will pop a small button of flesh called the clitoris. (This is the "tiny dick" you heard about, and its sole function is sexual sensitivity.)

The urethra is the outer opening for the bladder, the vagina is the outer opening for the sex organs, and the two systems (though very close in proximity) function independently.

**Passion's Nectar:** I have a problem that bothers me only when I'm lucky enough to get a girl who likes to give head. When I come, there is never any more than a teaspoonful of semen. Is this really a problem? What can I do about it? —K. P.

St. Louis, Missouri

It's certainly no problem unless semen is the only course in the woman's diet. The amount and con-

sistency of semen depend on the number of times a man ejaculates. A teaspoonful is well within the range of normal for a healthy young man who has sex once every day or so. Think of it this way—while a woman may love to give head and may love to swallow cum, she doesn't want to drown in the process.

**Divergent Drives:** I have been a housewife for 16 years. My husband and I are still in love, and we seem to understand each other fairly well. But my husband thinks that making love four or five times a month is enough. It drives me crazy because I could have sex every day. I have the option of going out with other men, but I don't want to. And I masturbate, but I dream about having sex with my husband. He doesn't want to go to a doctor—he simply believes our sex life is sufficient. —R. S.

San Antonio, Texas

It seems likely that you and your husband will never agree about exactly how much sex is enough. Sexual motivation (or drive) is influenced by a variety of factors, and it differs from time to time and from person to person. It can be influenced by the level of hormones (something your family physician can check for), but it is usually more dependent on psychological factors.

Sometimes business or money concerns take precedence, making a person mentally and physically exhausted and uninterested. There are people who, according to Alfred Kinsey, sublimate their sex drive—that is, they seek to control it, thinking that they should channel their energy into "better" endeavors. They "save it" for the sake of self-control or moral virtue. Then there are people who are simply apathetic—after achieving one orgasm they could go for weeks without becoming sexually aroused again. But half of all low-frequency sex drives can be blamed on some form of inhibition or restraint stemming from social or religious pressures or from fear of failure.

Additionally, studies find that most men would have sex more often if their partners showed greater interest. Do you overemphasize his initiating your sexual activity? Taking the initiative is not unfeminine. And do you try to include more than just the genitals in your lovemaking? That is, is there any possibility that bedroom boredom has set in because you don't get your whole self involved in the process? Something else that is often overlooked is a reasonable amount of physical exercise, which, as long as it's not carried to the point of exhaustion, may help increase a person's sexual desire.

Tell your husband you understand that there is room for individual variation as far as your sex drives are concerned. Explain to him, though, that you are on such different wavelengths that it's causing serious problems. Discuss the various possibilities mentioned above and if, as you say, you understand each other fairly well, then perhaps he'll be willing to do something about it.

**Fastest Gun:** I'm a 19-year-old male who suffers from the same problem as a lot of



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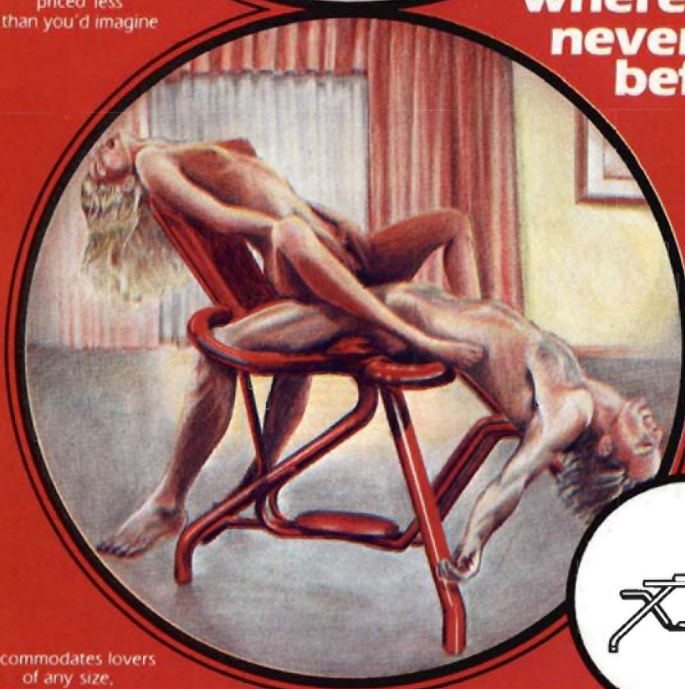


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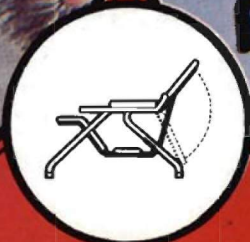


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## ADVISE & CONSENT

other men—premature ejaculation—but, by God, I've got it *bad*! I no sooner get it in than it's over. Before I met my current girlfriend, I had tried sex twice and failed miserably both times. I went crazy. One of the girls had to stop me from actually punching my pecker. My present girl has been trying to help me overcome my problem, but I always seem to fuck up. I'm just no damn good.

I've seen lots of ads for creams, sprays, pills and rings that are supposed to make a man hold out as long as he wants. Do any of them really work? You see, I only make \$111.13 per week, so I can't afford to get ripped off.

—K. L.

Westfield, New Jersey

Gadgets or creams should be, if anything, a last resort. A very low-strength local-anesthetic type ointment (such as Nupercainal) can temporarily desensitize your cock to give you longer staying power. But the problem is that if you get any of it on your partner's clit or her vaginal lips, her sensitivity will also be reduced. A local anesthetic is a temporary solution for you, but if your aim in being able to control yourself longer is for your girlfriend's pleasure, you've defeated your purpose.

Cock rings can pinch, while vibrating cock rings can interfere with sensitivity too. And pills that specifically cure premature ejaculation simply don't exist.

Several “natural” methods might help you—the very first one being to stop chastising yourself. Your mental anxiety is probably your worst enemy. Keep in mind that you're still young, that you've got years of good sex ahead of you and that you've got a girlfriend who cares. As you reduce the level of your emotional tensions, the muscular tension that triggers ejaculation is also reduced.

During intercourse let your partner take the top—it reduces friction and lets you relax more. Use a condom, as this also reduces friction. Masturbate to orgasm or have your girlfriend masturbate you, rest for a while, and you may find it easier to control yourself the second time around.

There are more complicated tricks to try if these don't help. One is the squeeze technique, which is written about in almost every sex manual found on bookstore shelves. Have your partner squeeze the base of the head of your penis. The pressure reduces sexual tension. You can continue practicing this with your partner until you are able to decide for yourself when you want to come.

In a variation of this technique, have your partner stimulate your penis until you're near orgasm and then tell her to stop when you feel close to coming; repeat this three times and let go on the fourth. The next time have the woman use some Vaseline on her hand (which will make it feel like the inside of a woman's vagina). Repeat this manual method a few times before attempting intercourse—first with the woman on top, then side-to-side and finally man-on-top. (By the way, don't try this all in one night.) As long as you're careful to pay attention to your girlfriend's needs, she'll no doubt help you until you've developed good control.



# MEDIA TAKES

Edited by Michael Stott

## EROTIC FILMS

by Frank Fortunato

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the standard arbiter of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

### The China Cat

This is not the first porn film to be carried by John Holmes's wondrous wadd, but it's certainly one of the silliest. The story, lifted wholly from several film and television sources (but most notably from Humphrey Bogart's immortal classic, *The Maltese Falcon*), has Holmes playing a lame composite of Bogey and James Bond: a Frisco detective in possession of a jade statue—the China Cat of the title. Representing the forces of evil here are four ladies—"Charlie's Devils"—who are directed by a mysterious phone voice to separate John from his jism in an attempt to steal the statue. If you haven't heard all this before, then you must have just returned from 40 years on a deserted island.

The main thing about this gang of four femmes is that they collectively make a strong case in praise of older women. All of them appear to be well into their mid-30s, but they perform like spring chickens on speed. One of them, in fact, manages the incredible feat of taking John's salami up her ass as if it were a swizzle stick. Although it's rumored that Holmes has performed such anal antics before in loops, this is the first time that a feature-film porn lady has gone down the Hershey Highway with him



Despite Christian Sarver and John Holmes, "Cat" leaves you limp.

and lived to tell the tale.

Apart from this, however, *Cat* is one crazy, mixed-up pussy. The filmmakers' idea of plotting is to think of a few



Sarver and her sidekicks in "Cat," a poor spoof of "The Maltese Falcon" and "Charlie's Angels."

"situations" and then let the kitty litter fall where it may. One of the scenes, for instance, has Holmes playing a suave sophisticate who orders fancy dishes in a restaurant while chewing gum. That's a "situation," see. Then a Caucasian portrays an Oriental butler—that's another "situation."

*The China Cat* is the usual feast of filth for devout John Holmes fans. It should have its ass kicked out the back door by everyone else.

### MisBehavin'

When X-rated films try to be funny, the results—as we've noted time after time in these pages—are often disastrous. Chuckles and hard-ons rarely blend smoothly, especially when the film in

question is a parody—an exaggerated and purposefully ridiculous version of reality.

*MisBehavin'* certainly comes under the heading of broad parody, but (praise the Lord!) it's the proverbial exception that proves the rule. Thanks to a genuinely funny script by Bill Slobodian, and the tight and dynamic direction of Chuck Vincent, *MisBehavin'* is a dynamo of sexual energy and wit in which all parts mesh like a well-oiled machine.

Leslie Bovee fans will be rewarded by her best performance ever, Gloria Leonard co-stars with her usual skillfully droll talents at their peak, and the whole package bombards the viewer with literally hundreds of one-liners, sight gags and very hot hard-core action. There's even a guest appearance by Jack Wrangler, a gay porn star who proves he's at least ambidextrous in his first heterosexual motion-picture outing.

As the story opens, an angel and the devil (perfectly portrayed by Kurt Mann and Dick Gallan, respectively) are playing poker for human souls. The devil wins 13 souls in one hand, and the scene shifts to a city street, where 13 people immediately drop dead.

All parts mesh like a well-oiled machine in "MisBehavin'"—a full-erection-rated sexual parody.



This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE



### ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



### HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



### ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



### TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



This is a fairly amusing exercise for the wagering representatives of good and evil, but the stakes are too small. The card players decide to have some *real* fun by jacking them up. Choosing wealthy divorcee Rita (Leslie Bovee) as their target, they gamble 1,000 souls on whether she'll marry next for love or money. "She's been married so many times she has rice scars," grumbles the angel before making his bet.

Gloria Leonard plays Rita's marriage broker and does her best to supply the giddy divorcee with a continuous parade of prospects for a 10-percent cut of the gravy. Via Ms. Leonard's introductions, Rita works her way through a battalion of senile farts and young studs. In the latter category a black stablehand (Ajito) produces a giant dong that forms an interesting and sexy contrast to Bovee's lily-white face. Another equally steamy episode stars Jack Wrangler as he takes the plunge into heterosexuality with Rita in the kitchen of a restaurant. (A rumor in the porn business is that Wrangler will soon marry a songstress who was very famous in the 1940s, so maybe his role in *MisBehavin'* is a dress rehearsal for married life.)


The film's action continues to spin throughout like a generator running amok: Good guys and heavies keep entering



*This is just one steamy episode in "MisBehavin'," a musical fuckarama.*

and exiting, going and coming and, most of all, buffeting the audience with one-liners. Finally, after 90 minutes of playing musical fuckarama, Rita wins the bet for the angel by marrying him. Leslie Bovee, who handles the role of the spaced-out Rita impressively, contributes more than her share in making *MisBehavin'* that rarity among porn flicks—a well-rounded, three-dimensional piece of horny fun.

## Here Comes the Bride

 This film opens with a heartwarming peek at a happily married couple—Rhonda (Samantha Fox) and Tom (David Morris)—basking in the joys of domestic bliss. First the lovebirds fuck endless-

ly to an equally endless disco tune. Afterward they sip brandy by a roaring fire and relive their days of courtship, by way of flashback. That's when the trouble starts, since it turns out that Tom is a gullible schmuck and Rhonda is a two-timing tart.

It seems that Tom—simple fellow that he is—always believed that he had married a virgin. He is shoveling snow one day when Rhonda passes by. Boy sees girl, boy gets horny (even in the snowy cold), and girl says she isn't that kind of girl. After boy exits, two studs come along and fuck the girl senseless!

Thinking he's found a "good girl" at last, Tom is not upset when, on their first date, Rhonda rebuffs his advances at an X-rated drive-in. He does the only sensible thing he can under the circumstances. When Rhonda slips off to the ladies' room, he jerks off into the popcorn and feeds it to her after she returns. What Tom doesn't know is that during his lonely self-seasoning she'd been sucking off the guy in the next car.

*Here Comes the Brides's* light-hearted (if somewhat thin) premise is "What you don't know won't hurt you," and the film progresses in this fashion through the bridal shower (a five-couple orgy), the wedding day (a lesbian tryst between the bride and her maid-of-dishonor—Karen Havens) and the wedding night (a daring hotel bellboy muff-diving beneath the bride's gown as she kisses the groom). Of course, a semi-intelligent eggplant would have realized immediately that Rhonda was as full of shit as a Dwaine B. Tinsley cartoon, but

apparently Tom is slightly dumber than most retarded vegetables.

With the notable exception of Samantha Fox, the young ladies in this film are mediocre—both in their sexuality and in their acting ability. The color photography is weak and grainy, and the laughs are mostly unintentional. In short, your best route with this *Bride* is to leave her waiting at the altar.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

*This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.*

### Erection

All About Gloria Leonard  
Bad Penny  
Barbara Broadcast  
Desires Within Young Girls  
Erotic Adventures of Candy

### Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment  
Anna Obsessed  
Another Love, Another Place  
Candy Strippers  
Fiona on Fire  
Happy Holiday People  
Pretty Peaches  
Sensual Encounters of Every Kind  
The Other Side of Julie  
The Pleasure Palace

### Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings  
Carnal Games  
Hot Cookies  
Invasion of the Love Drones  
Little Orphan Dusty  
Pizza Girls  
Skin Flicks  
Take Off  
The Senator's Daughter  
The Untamed

### One-Quarter Erect

From Holly With Love  
Nite Bird  
The Joy of Fooling Around

### Totally Limp

Daddy

*A delectable nymph provides a poolside attraction in "MisBehavin'."*





# HUSTLER



## THIRD ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS



**Best Film:** *Sex World*



**Best Actor:** John Leslie in *Sensual Encounters of Every Kind*



**Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist:** Carol Connors in *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*

It's been three years since HUSTLER began its Annual Erotic Movie Awards, and in that time the X-rated-film industry has made great strides. But there are still far too many producers of cheap and unimaginative cinematic sleaze whose only intent is to make a quick profit by ripping off their audience. HUSTLER's erotic-movie awards are intended to reward excellence in the erotic-film industry and thereby encourage the fast-buck makers of mediocrity to clean up their act or go out of business.

After a ballot appeared in the December 1978 HUSTLER, readers responded in record numbers. HUSTLER's critics, Frank Fortunato and Michael Stott, collaborated in compiling the final tally. The real winners, of course, are you—the viewing public. As long as you continue to express your feelings about adult films, their quality will continue to improve.



**Best Director:** Anthony Spinelli for *Sex World*



**Best Sex Scene:** Harry Reems and Maria Lynn in *Butterflies*



**Best Actress:** Sharon Thorpe in *Sex World*



**Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist:** John Leslie in *The Other Side of Julie*



# BOOKS

## Sleepless Nights

Photography by Helmut Newton, with an introduction by Edward Behr; Congreve Publishing Company (distributed by Simon & Schuster); \$27.50

Among the many hardcover photo books by jet-set shutterbugs, the work of Helmut Newton stands unique. True, there are cheaper books containing photos of sexier, more lustfully posed women, and you won't find any pink shots in Newton's repertoire. (As he was once quoted in *New York* magazine, "I don't, for example, shoot them with their legs spread apart, or anything like that. That would be obscene and pornographic.") But *Sleepless Nights* still titillates.

Newton chooses to work exclusively with the tall, mysterious and plastic models of the world of *Vogue* and high fashion. He doesn't try to break the mystique of these women by rendering them more human or accessible. Instead he uses this sense of mystery as a building block in his compositions, and in the process communicates a vibrant feeling of elegance, cruelty and fetishism.

The fetishistic aspect of his work is more marked in *Sleepless Nights* than in any of his previous collections, despite his protests regarding "pornography." *Newsweek* editor Edward Behr writes in the introduction: "There is a secret garden lurk-



Paloma Picasso and Martha in Helmut Newton's "Sleepless Nights."

ing in every one of us. We are all, on occasion, voyeurs, sadists, freaks—we treat women as objects, if only because we constantly seek to freeze them, as Newton does, in their impossible beauty." The photographer presses the point by pairing live models with store-window mannequins, and in some of his pictures one has to look twice to determine which is which. Other photographs depict a young lady being spanked across her bare buttocks, and an ecstatic model with a whip riding another woman as a jockey would a thoroughbred.

*Sleepless Nights* is an expensive book, but it's magnificently bound and printed, and could provide an excellent present for

that special woman you've just met—the shy one you have high and perverse hopes for.

—Judy Christensen

## Sex Without Anxiety

by Nathan A. Shiff, M.D.; Leisure Books; \$2.50

Dr. Nathan Shiff spent his medical career as a general practitioner on the West Side of Manhattan. Over the course of 35 years he encountered every imaginable variety of human behavior, and soon learned that a doctor who can treat people without judging them or lecturing them on their morals is a better healer than one who either can't or won't.

Dr. Shiff also learned that a wide assortment of his patients' ills could be linked to their sex lives. More important, he recognized that it was not their sexual habits that screwed them up; rather their attitudes toward those habits caused the problems. Scores of psychologically upset people passed through his office, suffering chiefly from fear and repression; most often their parents had convinced them that sex was filthy or they labored under religion-inspired hang-ups or their sexual lifestyle led them to fear the law or the condemnation of society.

*Sex Without Anxiety* repre-

sents the essence of what Dr. Shiff learned from his patients over the years. And it all seems to boil down to this simple declaration: "If we look back on the history of all the 'vices' perpetrated by mankind, whether sex or drugs, we find that ignorance was the root of the evils they produced. Ignorance plus hypocrisy and a refusal to face truth."

In his book Shiff rails against the state's intervention in the private lives of its citizens through "capricious and discriminatory" laws. He is cautious (perhaps unduly so) regarding marijuana and similar mood-enhancing soft drugs, but pulls no punches in his call for the decriminalization of all forms of sexual behavior among consenting adults, including homosexuality and prostitution. Along the way he touches on a number of other subjects, among them problems stemming from male prostitution, alcoholism, venereal disease, abortion, rape, child molestation and the myths of frigidity and nymphomania.

The author links all these problems to misinformation (or just plain ignorance) about the elemental facts of life. For 300 pages the understanding family physician makes his common-sense case in favor of a non-neurotic sexual environment in which we can all lead more satisfying, less worrisome lives. (He is capable of an occasional startling statement, such as "If some inhibited wives spent six months as whores... it would... improve the quality of their sexual and marital health.")

The good doctor is glum about the prevalence of psychosexual trauma in today's world. He notes that "we are now living in a society where illegality makes sex filthy and dirty... the populace [is] guilt-ridden, anxious, frustrated, inhibited, suppressed, repressed and depressed." But he maintains that by working to overcome inbred negative attitudes toward our sexual activities we can positively change the tenor of our times. In that sense, *Sex Without Anxiety* seems a sign of the much-needed cleansing breeze Shiff would like to see flow across the national consciousness. —Jonathan King

In "Sleepless Nights" the models communicate elegance and mystery.





## New Romantic Art

Ariel Books; \$7.95

"New Romantic Art: Visions, Dreams & Fantasies"? What kind of highbrow nonsense is *that*? Hold on, now. Before you tear out this page of HUSTLER in righteous indignation, let me tell you that this "book" isn't really a book at all. Instead it's a handsomely produced portfolio of 12" x 18", full-color and suitable-for-framing reproductions of 12 works, and is available at most bookstores. Plus, at \$7.95 for the whole deal, the price is right.

The publishers claim that the portfolio marks the rebirth of interest in 19th-century romantic art, and some of the weakest pictures in the collection certainly reflect the worst elements of that tradition. For instance, there's "The Flower of Forgotten Love," depicting a plain woman standing in front of an equally plain landscape. She seems to be waiting for her lover, and chances are she'll wait forever. In addition, there are two child-fantasy paintings—"Queen Mab" by Michael Hague and "The Land of Nod" by Tracy McVay—both of which are guaranteed to give you a good case of the yawns.

But the best pictures in this attractive package represent a kind of painting that's become increasingly popular since the success of *Star Wars*—depictions of imaginary kingdoms, populated by fantasy warriors or bare-breasted women, recalling the wilder side of the 19th-century imagination. Michael Whelan's "Stormbringer" is a good example: Against an angry, green sky a Viking-like warrior trapped in a future time frame emerges triumphant from the ruins of his world. Equally stirring, despite its long title, is Thomas Blackshear's painting "At Darkest Midnight From Mystic Flame the Spirit of Titania to Merlin Came." It reveals a nude and ecstatic female form being summoned by a wizard from out of a fire. Her body is as hot as the flames that lick around her.

These pictures, together with Dennis Anderson's "Mistress of Sea and Light" and "Mistress

of Air and Darkness," are rich, sensuous and exciting, and are designed to stimulate both the minds and libidos of their viewers. Ariel Books, a division of Ballantine Books, is to be commended for a very reasonably priced experiment in publishing. How else could you decorate your entire place for under \$8? —Bernard Barryte

## Deathwork

by James McLendon; Bantam Books; \$2.50

James McLendon spent the first 18 years of his life at Raiford State Prison in Florida, where his father was a senior prison official. McLendon himself eventually became a prison

guard—working in five Florida penal institutions before quitting to join the Marine Corps. Later he went to college.

It should be clear that McLendon is a man who knows his way around prisons. He's also a man who knows his way around words, and the combination of his personal background and writing skills as they fuse in this novel is nothing short of staggering.

*Deathwork* describes in brutal detail the second-by-second drama of an execution morning at Raiford. Four murderers—three men and a woman—are to be electrocuted. "Twelve respectable citizens" will be there too, their presence as witnesses required by law. Then there are the prison officers, engineers,

electricians, a doctor, an "executioner" (a volunteer paid \$175 for each pull of the switch) and such "ministers of religion as the criminal shall desire." It takes a lot of manpower to kill four citizens legally, and the book takes the reader into the lives of all the major participants, revealing how each of them is changed by the early-morning events.

If this first novel were merely a melodramatic tale of the different personalities that interweave and finally meet on execution day, however skillfully written, it would hardly be unique. But McLendon's intimate personal knowledge of his subject has been matched by the keen nose for detail of a born researcher.

Early in the book, for instance, he has one of his characters—a journalist for a men's magazine—recount the first electric-chair execution in America. The doomed man's name was Kemmler, and his legal murder took place in 1890. Only one electrode was used (an inverted metal bowl strapped to his head), and a grounding wire was attached to his back.

When the current was switched on (for a total of nine minutes), Kemmler's flesh burned like steak on a barbecue. "When they got Kemmler into the autopsy room," McLendon's narrator continues, "his brain was like a loaf of burned bread. The blood in his head had turned to charcoal, and his back had been burned black."

The four executions at the Florida prison are presented in equally graphic detail. McLendon's writing style is simple, realistic and scares the shit out of you. For it proves—and more effectively than any nonfiction anti-capital-punishment literature you might have read—that legal death today is just as inhumane and inefficient as it was in Kemmler's day. Granting the state the right to put a person to death comprises, as one of McLendon's death-row inmates puts it, "the one and only Final Thing that society has come up with since man first crawled out of the cave ... Not Final Happiness, not Final Food, not Final Work ... just Death." ☹

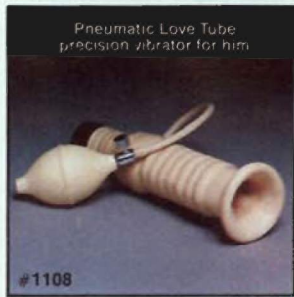
Arlene Noel's "Dreams of the Garden of Desire"—one of the 12 reproductions for \$7.95 in "New Romantic Art."





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# SEXPLAY

by Fred Farrell

Among the prepubescents in my hometown, John Flynn was revered as a superstar. Many things distinguished Flynn from the crowd, one being a series of cherry tattoos on his chest with X's through them to signify the girls he'd deflowered. When there weren't any virgins available—and when he was bored—Flynn would take on the role of our sexual mentor. One day this playground lover-boy made a pronouncement on the topic of anal sex: "If a chick lets you fuck her in the ass, you can believe she's never been butt-fucked before!"

"Why?" I automatically asked.

"Why?" he repeated with disgust. "Because they hate it!" And so I spent my sex-starved adolescence vaguely believing that the gospel on anal sex could be summed up in three words: "Women hate it!"

Then I met Carol. Carol, God bless her, was a perfect lady in the eyes of the world and a perfect animal in bed. Our Saturday-night program would begin as soon as her parents left for the evening. We'd rush up to her room, undress in a frenzy and immediately jump on each other's bones.

On one particular night she surprised me by acting coy—lying on her stomach as if to avoid my attack. I wasn't used to playing the rapist with Carol, so I asked her what gave. "Wait!" she said, bounding into the bathroom and returning with a jar of Vaseline. "I want you to put it in here," she continued, pointing to her tiny, puckered rosebud.

"In there? Why?" ("Why?" was a frequent question in my youth.)

"Because I like it; it's a different way of coming."

Hmmm! OK, I thought, *it's your ass!* While I lubricated both of us with the Vaseline, she propped a pillow beneath her pussy, telling me (in that sly tone women use when they confide in a person) that she often put her finger or vibrator up her ass when she masturbated.

*Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*



## ANAL SEX

She said it was her favorite way of getting off. This bit of news turned me on all the more, and the head of my cock slipped into her ass without any problem. She urged me on, and I plunged forward and sank down to the roots. Almost immediately she started coming in little machine-gun bursts of spasms, and I had the sensation of being sucked into the orifice of an industrial vacuum cleaner. I soon followed her with an all-encompassing orgasm that left me feeling as if I'd robbed my body of everything from semen to bone marrow. It was a revelation!

That was the first of many satisfying drives that Carol and I took down the

Hershey Highway. By the time she left for college, our anal endeavors had evolved into the realm of real fancy fucking. I would often reach into her pussy and literally masturbate myself inside her ass through the thin wall of flesh separating the two. Clearly, Carol knew more about sex than even the great John Flynn!

True, Carol was a hip and sexually liberated woman, both for her age and for that particular era. But I have found that if you are patient and careful, most women will not only consent to try anal sex, but—once they've tried it—will also agree that it adds an exciting and rewarding dimension to their sex lives.

Before your first attempt, however, it's important that you have *some* understanding of the physiology of the human backdoor. The anus is controlled by a thick circle of muscles known as the sphincters. Besides preventing us from defecating against our will, these powerful muscles also prevent sexual entry unless they are properly relaxed. Further, the area in and around the ass is lined with a network of nerve endings, making it one of the body's most excitable erogenous zones. So your initial aim should be to both relax and stimulate your partner's anal area—and such is the miracle of the human body that these two objectives can be achieved simultaneously.

The best way to introduce your woman to the sensitivity of her anal area is through foreplay. Slowly caress her body, working your way to her pussy. When she shows signs of responding to your touch, *gently* caress her ass while continuing light finger action on her pussy—especially the clitoris.

At this point it's advisable to use a nonirritating lubricant. I recommend K-Y Jelly as the best; it's cheap, clean and completely neutral in its effect on sensitive areas of the body. Put some on your fingertips and gently work it around her anal ring. There are several



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other lubricants on the market, including Vaseline (not as highly recommended as K-Y because it's not as water-soluble, and is therefore harder to wash off) and various fruit-flavored or mint-flavored products, which are usually high-priced and not consistent in quality.

There is also an excellent new product called Lube. Not only does it require fewer reapplications than does K-Y, but it is edible to boot.

Some couples apply Ben-Gay in the woman's rectum, or similar nonprescription liniments containing menthol, but my doctor strongly advises against it. Even if your old lady masochistically gets off on the sting, the resulting irritation could upset the delicate chemical and bacteria balance of the colon (to say nothing of the agony it could cause your cock).

If your partner is obviously enjoying the double manipulation of cunt and ass, avoid the temptation to suddenly plunge your cock into her anus like a greased turd in reverse. What you're trying to do at this point is condition her to associate anal stimulation with the clitoral stimulation that she's used to and enjoys. Take your time, and either manipulate her clit to bring her to climax or else switch to ordinary intercourse—still, of course, maintaining that delicate but insistent finger-rimming of her ass.

As your partner approaches orgasm, you'll feel her anal ring naturally and unconsciously open. As her climax begins, insert your lubricated fingertip through the sphincter until it's no more than an inch into her anus. Even if she begs you to ram it in deeper, be cool. Tease her by holding back—she'll enjoy the wild butt-fucking plunges to come if the approach has been gradual. As she climaxes, your gently probing finger will increase her orgasmic pleasure considerably.

The importance of timing in these initial conditioning sessions is all-important. If you wait until she is in a state of excitement, you should have no trouble overcoming any embarrassment or inhibitions she might have. Give her time to get used to the idea. Later, after you've "broken the ice," you can broach the idea of anal sex. Play it by ear and constantly gauge her responses, and the end result will be much better.

If your lady balks at the idea of anal sex because of the ass's by-product, shit, you might administer an enema before taking the plunge. Inexpensive disposable enema kits are widely available in pharmacies, or a douche bag with an

anal nozzle will do the job in a pinch. Enema solutions can be held indefinitely, but the quantity shouldn't exceed a quart or a quart and a half of warm water mixed with mild soap.

The solution can be expelled in private, but by sharing the experience with your partner you can add an additional kick. Bear in mind, however, that a bowel movement a few hours prior to anal sex should take care of any shit in the lower colon. If your cock comes out brown and stinking, don't worry. Wash the shit particles off with cold water (it's the best way to cut the stench) and then wash again with warm water and soap.

A frequently heard disclaimer from inexperienced women on the subject of ass-fucking is that the anal ring is too tight. Well, as tight as the sphincter is, it is equally expandable. Margot, a devout butt-fucking fan, told me that at the beginning of her anal career she couldn't take even a pinky up her ass without discomfort. But through persistence she can now accept—and enjoy—a man's fist up her bunghole. Fist-fucking is a separate domain altogether, but my point is that tightness can be overcome with patience, trust and, above all, practice. Just as Gary, Indiana, wasn't built in a day, the body's backdoor doesn't necessarily have to be breached in a night.

Because the anal area is so sensitive, oral stimulation is another great way to prepare the ass for penetration. A deft rim job can do wonders for getting a woman to change her mind about ass-fucking. Try fondling her clitoris while licking around the anal area. Before you know it, the sphincter will relax enough for you to penetrate it gently with your finger. (For the daring, the tongue is a hot alternative.)

At this point you should apply a lubricant to the anal canal and to your cock. Unless your finger can slide easily in and out of the asshole, don't consider replacing it with your cock. Remember, your woman's first experience with anal sex is critical in coloring her attitude toward and willingness for future experiences. Ass-fucking is not for those times when you have a lazy hard-on or partial erection. You should be rigid as well as lubricated and, above all, *enter slowly*. Monitor the depth of your penetration by her reaction. With each advancing stroke be sure she can accommodate your cock at that level before plunging in deeper. For the first few times, five or ten minutes of insertion is more than sufficient.

Anal sex can be accomplished like



vaginal sex—in virtually any position. As in conventional intercourse, ass-fucking from behind affords the greatest penetration. If your partner is lying flat, this position allows her clitoris to be stimulated by rubbing. But it can also be a bit awkward, since you literally have to mount her ass for the proper angle of penetration. You can alleviate this problem to a degree by propping a pillow beneath her. Besides making her ass more accessible, it facilitates stimulation of her clitoris.

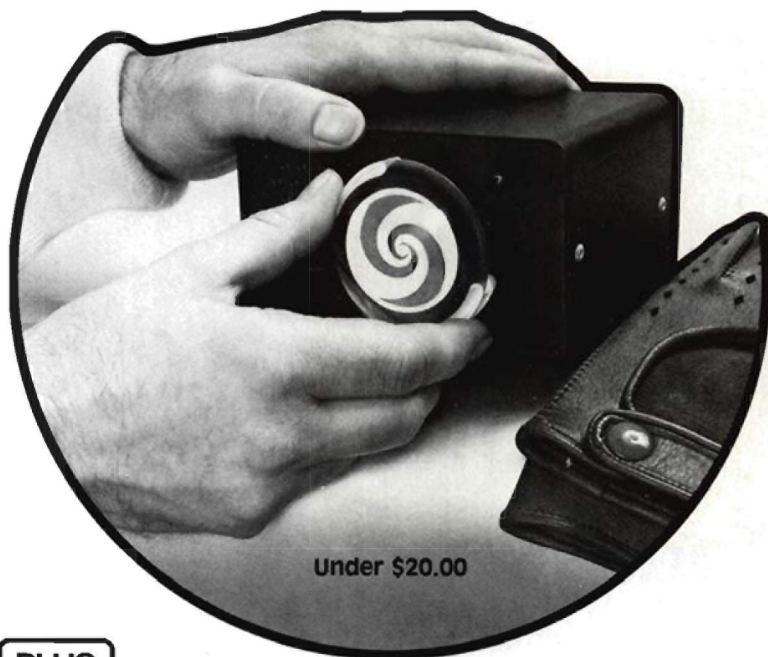
Some women may find this position uncomfortable by virtue of the depth of penetration, and may also complain of a claustrophobic sense of being pinioned and trapped beneath your weight. The missionary position offers a good alternative to this, as does the woman-on-top position. She can face either toward you or away from you. But position is a question of choice, and experimentation is the only sure way of discovering what's best for you and your partner.

*A few cautions:* It's advisable to thoroughly wash your cock both before and after anal intercourse and *especially prior to vaginal insertion*. The pussy is an ideal breeding ground for germs. Various anal bacteria can easily be transmitted by your cock to the vagina, and make for an unpleasant postscript to ass-fucking. Moreover, *never* insert a sharp object—including a long fingernail—into the anus. If you do so, you run the risk of piercing the wall of the colon, which could be fatal.

Of course, all of the aforementioned pointers are intended as cautionary and considerate steps for novice backdoor-bumpers. With a little practice, ass-fucking can be performed as easily and vigorously as vaginal sex. Some women love the sense of being totally filled that comes with anal sex, and you can add to this sensation by introducing into her pussy a vibrator, your fingers or any of the specialized sex aids on the market.

With all the charms of the pussy, why does anyone bother with the "difficulties" of anal sex? The most important reason is psychological. Sexual excitement begins in our minds, and anal sex can be greatly enhanced with imaginative role-playing. For most women, ass-fucking is a great intimacy. After all, our rectum is our most private place, and allowing herself to be impaled there is perhaps the greatest gesture of trust that a woman can give a man. Conversely, men can experience a wild sensation of power and total engulfment and penetration. So whatever your motivation, anal sex provides a variation well worth exploring. 🍆

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# **No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."**

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

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# The Reverend Ted McIlvenna

## APOSTLE FOR SEXUAL RIGHTS

Interview by Zbigniew Kindela and Michael Stott

**T**he Reverend Ted McIlvenna is president of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, in San Francisco—one of the few educational institutions in America offering doctorates in sexology. What sets the burly McIlvenna apart from most of his peers in the field of sexual research and counseling is that in addition to holding a Ph.D. (in research and design methodology) he is also a traveling elder in the Methodist Church. This combination of hard-nosed scientist and understanding humanitarian is capable of saying, "There are many ways to find God. One is through the glorious gift of sexuality." And in a day when many clergymen still cling to outmoded, unrealistic and patently false attitudes toward sexual matters, Ted McIlvenna's single-minded desire to free people sexually makes him a rebel for the Lord.

Much of McIlvenna's forthright manner is a result of his boyhood experiences in Oregon. There he traveled with his father, a Methodist minister who preached in one tough river town after another—towns in which harsh climates and headstrong people were the norm. Contributing to the physical side of his life was a family that McIlvenna describes as "sex-positive." His parents were concerned about people's natural wants and needs; as the Reverend points out, "If you grow up in an environment where you are taught that sex is all right because it's natural, you come to accept the diversity of life around you."

During his senior year in college he attended a meeting of a campus Christian group only because he was interested in a girl who was a member. "After sitting through an evening of Bible baseball and other such nonsensical things, I decided that no girl was worth that," he says. Ted further concluded that the church "wanted to pull people out of the world and keep them in sheltered groups and control their lives. I was worried. I felt that the church's task was to set people free and help them cope with reality."

This concern prompted him to study theology, beginning at the Garrett Evangelical Theological Seminary in Evanston, Illinois. "What I found there was everything bad about campus Christian groups. They were antisexual, anti-people. It seemed that to be a minister I had to be antisexual."

Later he traveled to Scotland to study at the University of Edinburgh, where he met his future wife, Winnie. After their marriage they

returned to the U.S. McIlvenna completed his theological studies, eventually becoming a successful minister in a Hayward, California, parish. During this period he established a family and led a quiet, pastoral life—until the Methodist Church asked him to study the needs of San Francisco's young adults.

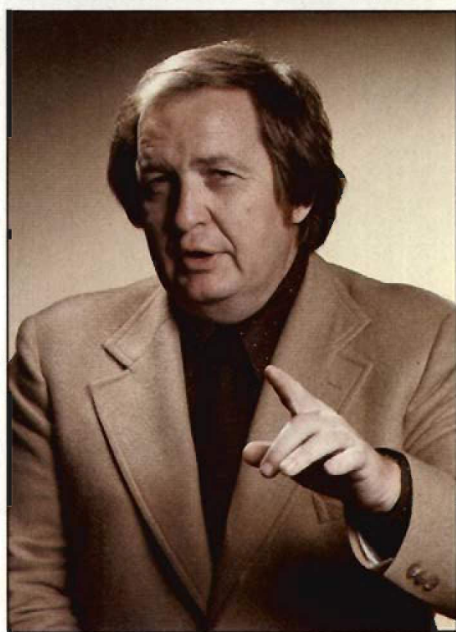
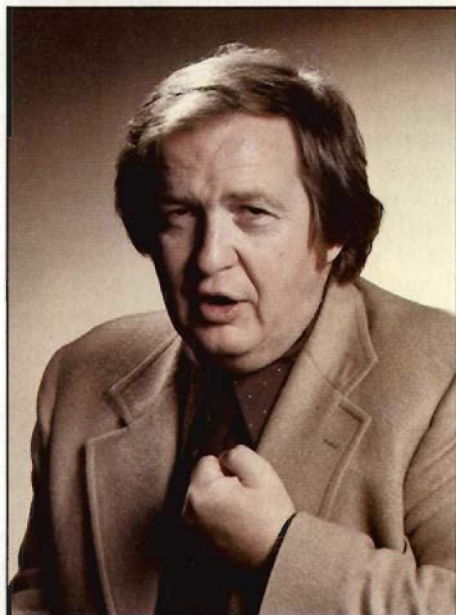
Little did he know that this request would in time give him his life's "mission." In the early days of his research he found that young people needed help in the area of sexual identification, and this discovery led inevitably to an investigation of the Bay City's homosexual community. One day he was shown two male homosexuals whose genitals had been kicked in—and who had no legal recourse since policemen had been the kickers. Finding that in the early '60s homosexuals had no protection under the law, McIlvenna decided to help gays organize. He began circulating in the gay community. "The only time anybody tried to pick me up," he says, "it was an alcoholic-beverage-control agent who was trying to entrap homosexuals." McIlvenna soon realized that in order to better understand the homosexual and his problems, he had to learn about sexuality in general. And the longer he studied, the more he found he needed to know.

In the process of learning about American sexual mores, McIlvenna won several awards. In 1964 the State of California honored him for having done the most to advance mental health, in 1965 a humanist organization presented him with the Prospero Award for his counseling of homosexuals; and in 1974 he was awarded the Jake Gimbel Sex Psychology Lectureship by the Board of Regents of the University of California.

But his greatest achievement has been the founding of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, an outgrowth of the National Sex Forum, founded in 1968. To date, the institute has graduated 38 professionals; current enrollment is 75 psychologists, sociologists, clergymen and other midlife-change professionals.

Conducted by Articles Editor Zbigniew Kindela and Senior Editor Michael Stott, the following interview presents a man dedicated to eradicating sexual ignorance while also preserving a realistic Christian attitude.

**HUSTLER:** Even though your original intention was to study homosexuality, why did you finally choose to expand





your research of sex to encompass the entire sexual spectrum and to make it your life's work?

**McILVENNA:** While learning about gays and their problems I found incredible ignorance and antisexual bias built into the institutions around us. I went to medical, sociological and psychological experts and found that none of them had any answers. I found lying and rip-offs on the part of professionals who claimed to be sex experts simply because they were experts in other fields. I found that they had no training, that they didn't know anything about it. Only now are *some* of them getting proper training, but at that time there were no sex courses in medical schools; even psychologists didn't have sex training. But what was more astounding was that even among professionals I found a fear of sexual acts and their depiction. That's when I decided that we shouldn't pussyfoot around. I realized that "sex experts" needed training to help them learn. After all, you can't teach anybody anything; you can only help them learn.

**HUSTLER:** What did you do?

**McILVENNA:** I applied for a grant from the Board of Church and Society [formerly the Board of Christian Social Concerns] of the United Methodist Church. I said to them, "I want sex films," and they gave me money. At that

time I had been lecturing about sexual matters, but nobody cared until I got those films and began showing them. Then the effectiveness of the program went up—because what I did was to say "This is what people do. These are pricks and tits and cunts and assholes, and people put them together because they *want* to put them together. This is what people do, and this is how they *feel* about what they do."

I was frightened about this at the beginning, as you can imagine, but I did a thorough research job at every point of the way, and I borrowed and purchased films and began putting a multimedia show together. The only problem was that a lot of the films were not good enough, so I decided to make my own. And everybody had a fit.

"Who's going to make the films?" they asked.

"My friends," I replied. I hired another Methodist minister, Laird Sutton, who was sending in photographs of himself in all of his photographic regalia. He was interested in the project, so I said, "Laird, I want you to start doing documentaries about people's sexuality. Do it as an artist and a minister. I want it to be a celebration. I don't want any Mickey Mouse stuff." He made the films, and they're beautiful. Now our films are used in 4,000 institutions—

churches, colleges, medical schools, therapy groups—and by individual therapists. They're documentaries for education. They're "what people do." I truly believe that the more exposure people have to sex the healthier they become.

**HUSTLER:** What has all this got to do with Methodist theology?

**McILVENNA:** I believe that, for a Christian, issues of sexual health are theological issues as well as psychological ones. My own brand of Methodism is missionary theology; that is, the most important questions for me are "How can the good news of the gospel make people happier?" and "How do you set people free?"

**HUSTLER:** Why do you think that the church insists that its members be sexually virtuous?

**McILVENNA:** If you control a person's sexuality, you control that person *completely*. As a developing religious institution, the church was chiefly interested in control of people. I think the church was wrong. However, I've found that the more churchmen learn about sex the more they end up on the side of freedom for people to take responsibility for their own sex lives.

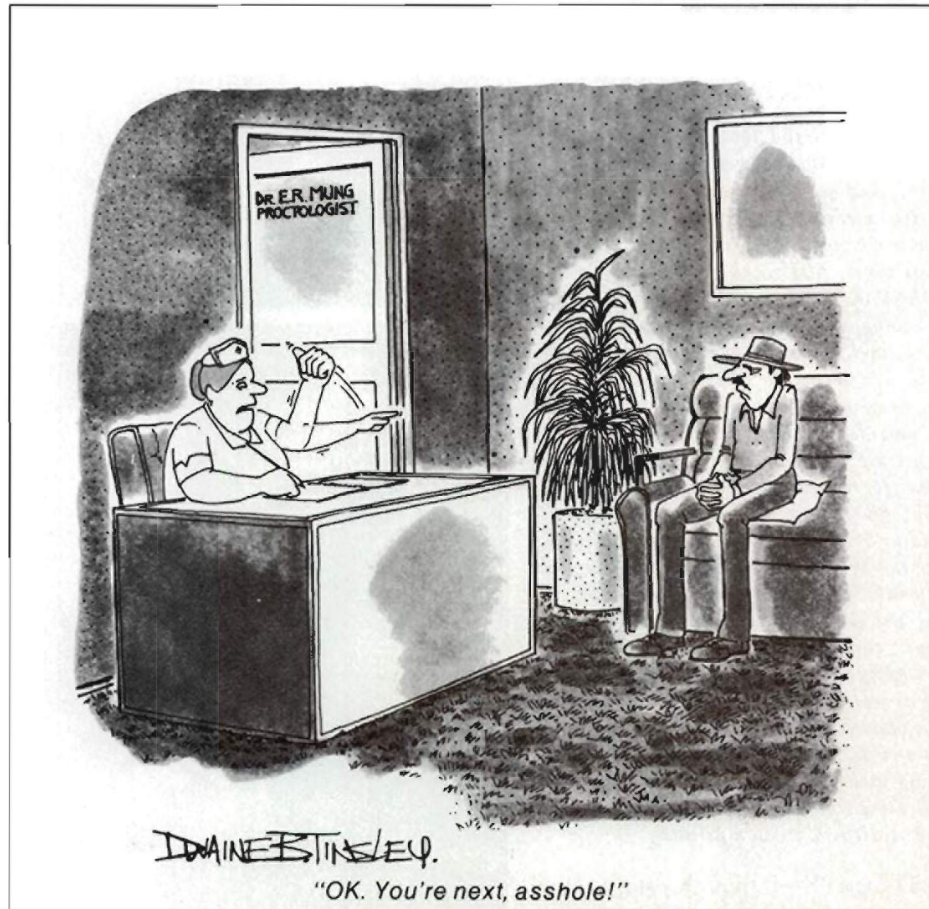
We, as preachers, also have to start poking fun at ourselves and at some of our stupidity in the past. We really were too paternalistic as preachers. "Let's protect people from all this stuff," we used to say, as if we had any real control of their lives. Now we're seeing that the church's true role is to set people free and to find new ways to help them do it.

**HUSTLER:** But how can organized religions have control over people if they free them sexually?

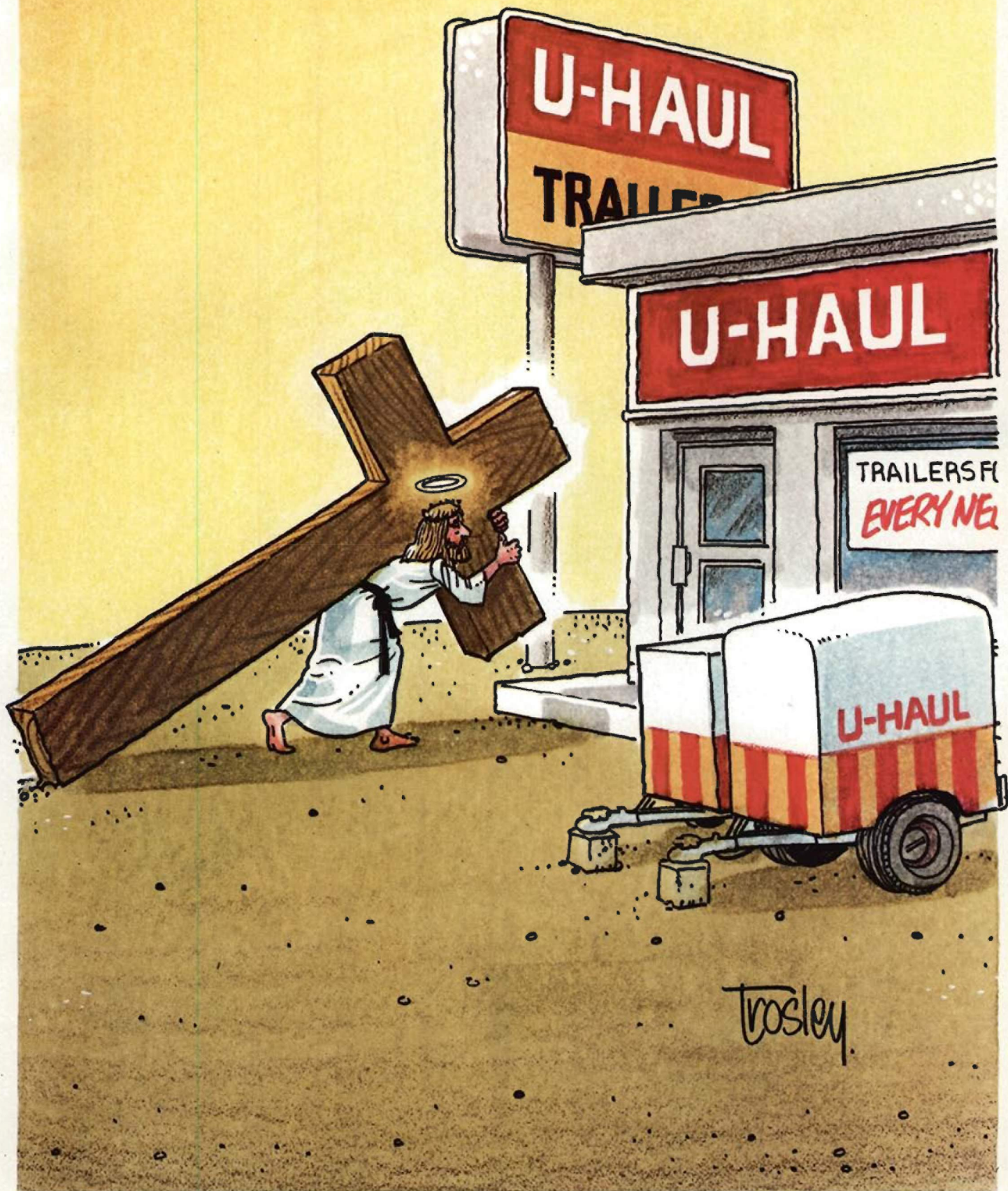
**McILVENNA:** That's a big risk, isn't it? I believe the message of the gospel is to say "Yes! Yes! Yes!" to the people. Forgiveness is continuous and does not depend upon our state of righteousness. I'd argue that theologically with anyone. That's the wonderfully scandalous nature of the Christian message: It says, "This is how you're created. Have the best sex life you possibly can. Don't hurt anybody with it, but enjoy your sexuality as part of *who you are*, since you may be vastly different from someone else." You see, there is no norm in the sex arena. You can have one sexual outlet per week and be normal, and have 15 a day and be normal.

**HUSTLER:** For years it has been taught that the crucifix was a symbol for "the 'I' crossed out," implying that one should overlook one's selfish needs and think more about the needs of others. Is that a misreading of the gospel?

(continued on page 46)









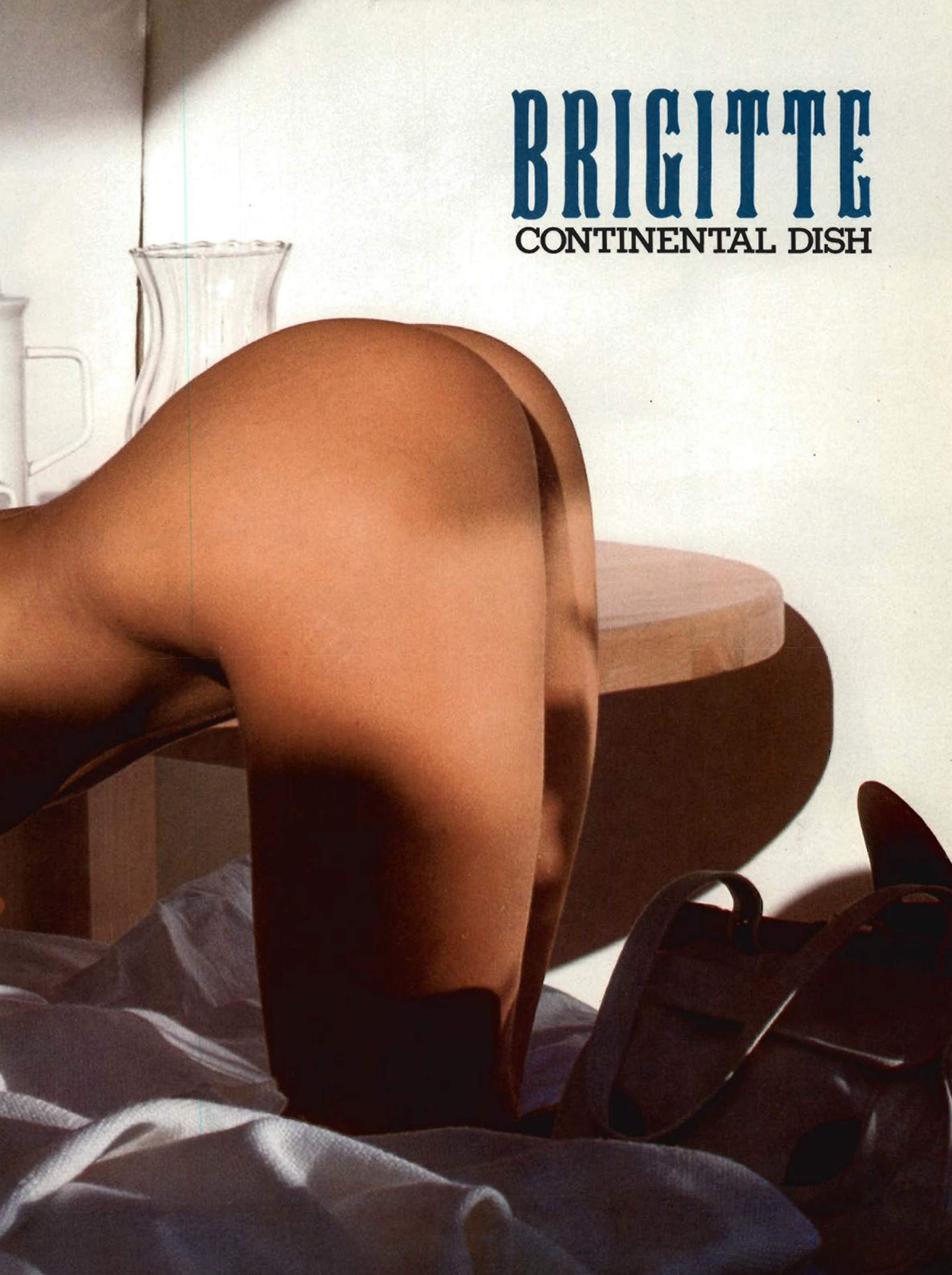
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# BRIGITTE

CONTINENTAL DISH



















"Some people want to savor the old world, but I want to taste the new," says Brigitte, a bright and passionate 22-year-old who grew up in a quiet suburb of Paris. "In Europe," she continues, "when a man invites you to eat out, it usually means four or five boring hours at Maxim's, where you stuff yourself with rich food and feel ill for the rest of the night. But in America when a man invites you to eat out, it means something quite different. And it's usually a much bigger thrill."

Brigitte came to the States for a short vacation, but she's promised to return next year for a longer stay. "You know," she purrs in her Parisian accent, "I am always seeing advertisements for French this or French that in your country. Americans want to do *everything* the French way. But, personally, I prefer the American way."

We'll eat to that.



## INTERVIEW: TED McILVENNA

(continued from page 38)

**McILVENNA:** Yes. I face that all the time with sex-counselor trainees who have not taken responsibility for their own sexuality. How can you put something together for somebody else if you haven't gotten it together yourself? The average boy, for example, has approximately 1,500 orgasms before he ever establishes a sociosexual relationship with someone else. Now that's about as many orgasms as he's going to have in the next ten or 15 years of his life if he's sexually active. He himself establishes that pattern through masturbation. If he doesn't, he's going to be in sexual trouble later on. It's the same for the average young woman. If she's sexually active in terms of her own body, then she won't misuse it if she's helped to value it and if she establishes a masturbation pattern through all of her life. [The average number of masturbatory orgasms is over 200 for a young woman before she establishes a sociosexual relationship.] If you take responsibility for your own sexuality *and* understand it, you don't misuse it.

**HUSTLER:** Unlike many clergymen who call masturbation a sin, are you saying that masturbation is healthy, that it is essential for a person's sexual well-being

in adulthood?

**McILVENNA:** Definitely. If you tell your children not to masturbate, they'll have problems later in life because they'll end up feeling bad about it. Freedom means having options; sexual freedom means having sexual options, and one of those options is masturbation. The reason that people are against *HUSTLER* Magazine is that they're responding to a basic feeling derived from a society that is antipleasure, anti-masturbation. Yet the basis of most good sex therapy is: "How can people get in touch with their own bodies again?"

**HUSTLER:** Do you masturbate?

**McILVENNA:** Absolutely. I want to have that option anytime I choose to. What is masturbation anyway but the greatest civilizing force in American society today? It gets us in touch with who we are sexually. Just think about the fantasies! You don't get in anybody's way; you can have anybody you want. It's a liberating force to always have that option.

**HUSTLER:** Isn't that unrealistic? Aren't fantasies much more potent than reality?

**McILVENNA:** Oh, no. That's not what we find. Those who masturbate most of their lives have the best sociosexual activity. Yet our society is so fearful of

sex acts that we're taught to be afraid of masturbation. We've all been told that masturbation is deplorable. It's been called "the hideous vice of self-pollution." That's what our parents probably told us, and I'm saying that they were *wrong*. The world is not flat—it's round. Sex is not bad—it's good. Pleasure is not something that's going to make you somebody's slave. Pleasure is something that's going to help you set yourself free.

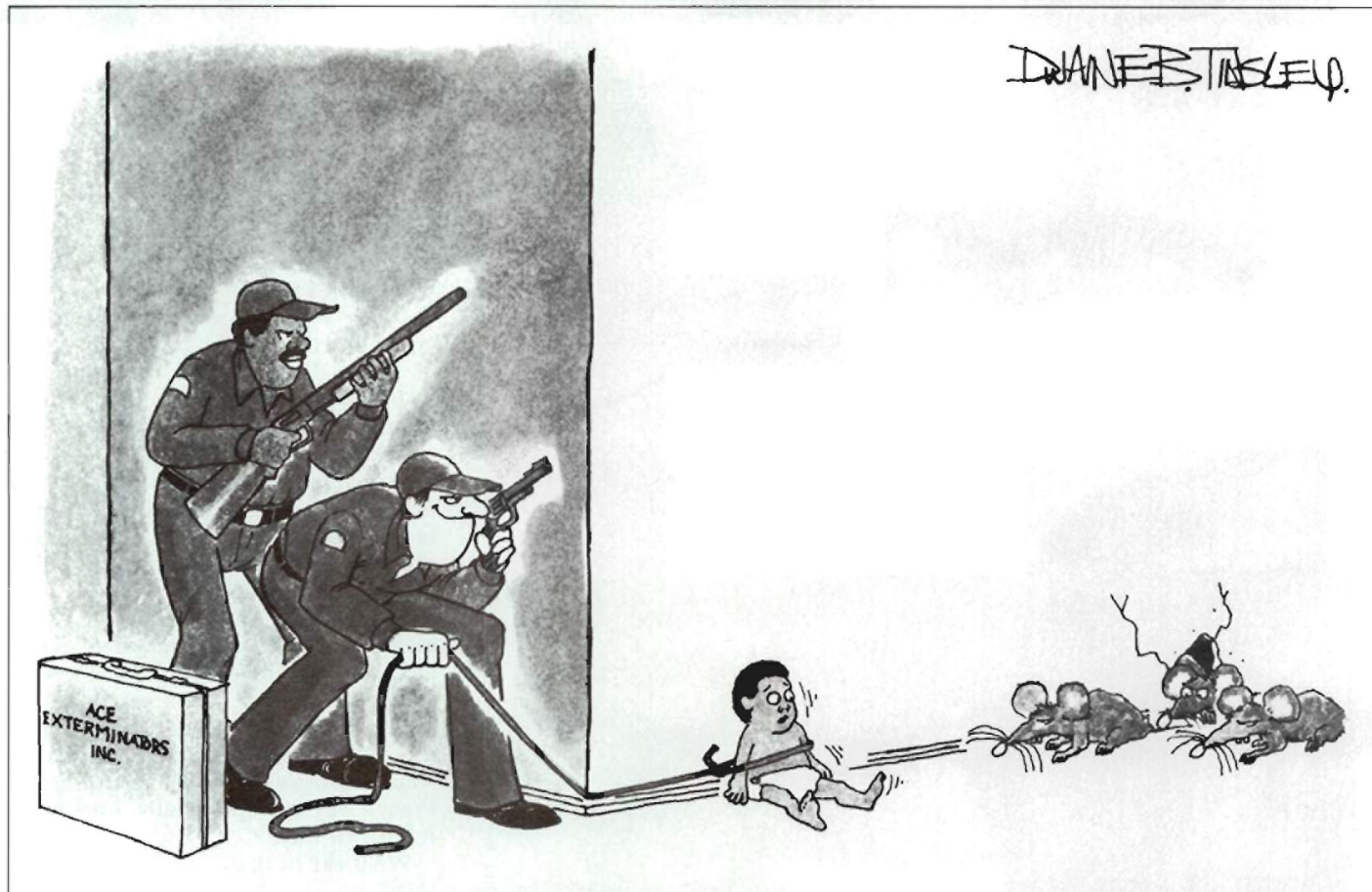
**HUSTLER:** Do you think of yourself as a "pleasure crusader"?

**McILVENNA:** Well, I believe that the missionary task is to change the world, to transform it and make it more sacramental. I think that we should enjoy it a good deal more. We've been given dominion over the world, and yet we don't enjoy the world. In that sense I *would* say that I'm a crusader. But I'm also a cautious crusader. I don't put myself into a win-or-lose situation. I want to go in armed—armed with knowledge.

**HUSTLER:** You seem very concerned about problems of power and control as they apply to sexuality.

**McILVENNA:** I'm *very* concerned about power. If you let somebody have power over you in some way, you should be able to *trust* that person. If you ask someone for sexual advice, you should

(continued on page 94)







"Today, class, we're going to learn about the Spanish Inquisition—  
one of the most violent periods in history."



# NIXON'S GREAT DIAMOND HEIST

**W**hen not publicizing his book *RN: Memoirs*, playing golf near his oceanfront home in Southern California, still publicly denying his guilt in Watergate (as he did last year on French TV) or analyzing the American political system, Richard M. Nixon is desperately plotting his political reincarnation. Yet none of this would have been possible if it had not been for the very generous, unprecedented, free-ticket pardon President Gerald Ford granted his predecessor. Instead Nixon would probably be sulking in a federal prison with his friends.

But he would not have been there for the crimes of Watergate alone. The great unpublished story of Richard Nixon concerns the other "high crimes and misdemeanors" for which he was under critical investigation at the time of his resignation in August 1974—crimes that former federal prosecutors are convinced would have led to his impeachment, prosecution and imprisonment.

One of the most dramatic scenes of the whole Watergate epic was enacted behind locked and guarded doors in the office of the Special Prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, September 8, 1974. Several key members of Jaworski's staff had gathered with Nixon aide John Dean to go over what they assumed would be their star witness's testimony in the upcoming Watergate trials. A 10 a.m. telephone call from a White House source tipped them that Ford was about to announce that Nixon would be pardoned.

When it became clear that Ford intended to issue the decree, they had turned their arguments to limiting that pardon to special Watergate crimes. They knew what no one else knew about Nixon's other criminal acts, for they were completing investigations they believed would lead to the prosecution of Nixon for bribery, obstruction of justice, personal conversion of government property and income-tax evasion.

So it was with extreme apprehension that the group rushed down the hall to the only TV set in the office suite. They listened in shock, with disquiet and, finally, rising anger as Nixon's appointee pronounced: "I, Gerald R. Ford, President of the United States, pursuant to the pardon power conferred upon me by Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution, have granted and by these presents do grant a full, free and absolute pardon unto Richard Nixon for all offenses against the United States which he, Richard

Nixon, has committed or may have committed or taken part in during the period [from January 20, 1969] through August 9, 1974." (Emphasis added.) In some 50 words Ford paid his dues. In doing so, he deprived this nation of its inalienable right to learn the truth and to punish the gang leader as it punished the gang.

It was what the investigators had been dreading. An absolute pardon for anything and everything—a pardon not just for Watergate crimes, but one putting a grinding halt to a half-dozen other major probes into Nixon's illegal affairs. Now, four and one-half years later—after conversations with Jaworski's staff and informed sources in Washington, Geneva and London—the secrets about Nixon's shady dealings can be revealed and proven.

The Special Prosecutor's Office had assigned lawyers and investigators to begin looking into three different categories of felonies suspected of Nixon while he was in office. The main staff continued to focus attention on the Watergate burglary and subsequent utilization of the CIA to thwart the initial FBI investigation—the act that led Nixon to be named an unindicted co-conspirator.

Staffers were beginning to assemble files and question witnesses concerning charges that the former president (1) diverted presidential campaign contributions to his personal use; (2) converted substantial foreign gifts (U.S. property) to his personal use (and sold some); and (3) warranted a completely different set of obstruction-of-justice charges arising out of his dealings with, first, the Senate Watergate Committee and, later, with the Special Prosecutor's Office itself.

Investigators had learned of a strange scene played out in a locked White House office the night before Nixon resigned. Moving vans had been wheeled up to a side entrance of the White House. The President's special counsel, J. Fred Buzhardt, and his personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, were closely supervising the transfer of Nixon's "personal property."

Philip W. Buchen, Gerald Ford's counsel, had warned the Secret Service to watch Nixon and report back to him if agents thought that any property was being removed that should not be. They became suspicious when Buzhardt and Woods hovered over two particular file cabinets and personally packed the material from them into cases and then walked these cases into a waiting truck. They were to be transported to Andrews Air Force

## Investigative Report by Chuck Ashman







Base for the flight to San Clemente.

The Secret Service agent-in-charge that night at the White House thought the files might have contained some of the famous Watergate tapes. He knew that whatever was in there must have been critically important to have received so much personal attention from Nixon's lawyer and secretary. The agent phoned Buchen, and Ford's counsel ordered that the truck be immediately, but quietly, impounded when it reached Andrews.

A subsequent search of the packing cases revealed that they did not contain any Watergate material, but rather the files of a little-known White House office, the Gifts Unit. Thinking simply that an error had been made, the files were returned to the White House. But when news of that incident reached the Special Prosecutor's Office, the staff realized that it was not an accident, but a major break, for it could mean evidence in support of an ongoing investigation they had inherited from the Senate Watergate Committee when it went out of business some months before.

Under the Foreign Gifts and Decorations Act of 1966 any gift with a value in excess of \$50 made to the President of the United States by a foreign potentate, official or country is deemed to be the property of the United States and must

be turned over to the State Department for cataloging and disposition "as soon as possible after receipt." The official Gifts Unit was the small office in the White House that kept track of the presents given Nixon and his family as they complied with the law and turned them over to the State Department for custody.

In its investigation of Nixon the Senate Watergate Committee had turned up what it thought was a strange set of circumstances relating to the amount of jewelry apparently owned by the President. An unknown aspect of Nixon is that he has been an active international trader in fine jewelry. He not only likes to buy and own jewelry for his wife and daughters to wear, but evidently buys and sells a considerable amount of it for profit. The committee became interested in the subject when it found that Nixon's close pal, Bebe Rebozo, had bought a \$4,562.38 set of diamond and platinum earrings, which Nixon had given to his wife Pat for her 60th birthday and which Rebozo later wrote off as a campaign contribution. Although Rebozo tried to explain it away as an accountant's mistake, the incident opened a Pandora's box.

In tracing the set of earrings, the investigators had been led to Washington jeweler John Shaw, a partner in

the jewelry company of Shaw & Dussinger. Under questioning, Shaw finally told investigators that for a number of years he was regularly called to the White House to appraise jewelry for insurance purposes. In each case he was requested to go to the White House by Edward O. Sullivan, Jr., a Bronxville, New York, insurance broker who is Pat Nixon's cousin and the Nixon family's insurance agent.

A bizarre twist to Shaw's involvement with Nixon has been confirmed. The jeweler told Watergate investigators that he would really like to help them but could not. He said he had kept meticulous records of the appraisals, including photographs of all the Nixon jewelry, but that these were no longer in his possession. A few hours after Shaw telephoned Sullivan in New York to report that he had received a call from federal investigators, Sullivan showed up at his store in Washington demanding all copies of books and records relating to the Nixon appraisals. Shaw called President Nixon and talked to Rose Mary Woods, who told him to go along with Sullivan's request.

Although he did not have the exact records, Shaw was able to remember a startling fact. Between 1971 and 1974 he had appraised some \$580,000 worth of Nixon jewelry in a guarded White House office and had issued formal appraisal reports. The originals were sent to Sullivan, while copies went directly to Nixon.

This revelation stunned the investigators. When he took office in 1969, Nixon had issued a financial statement that showed total family assets of \$515,836, with jewelry worth \$60,000. Where had Nixon acquired more than \$580,000 worth of jewelry while in the White House?

Investigators asked Sullivan for the records from Shaw's office. He indicated his unwillingness to talk freely, so a subpoena was issued for him to bring all books and records regarding the Nixon family jewelry he had insured.

But instead of getting Sullivan and the records, what the investigators got was Myles J. Ambrose, a special consultant to President Nixon and a special assistant attorney general who had resigned and become a prominent Washington criminal defense lawyer. Ambrose explained that Sullivan would be happy to talk with them and comply with the subpoena, but the President had appointed Sullivan Special U.S. Representative to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), and he was already in Europe discharging his duties.







"No, no, Freddie. Shake it afterwards."



Ambrose indicated that upon his return Sullivan would produce the books and records for the Senate investigating committee. But there was a catch. Ultimately, Sullivan would not return until *after the Senate committee went out of existence*, making the subpoena worthless.

I flew to Geneva. My trip confirmed that Sullivan's appointment to UNESCO was strange, to say the least. UNESCO officials could not recall him showing up for meetings, and yet he traveled in and out of Switzerland on a diplomatic passport. The committee's investigators believed those trips may have been the key to Nixon's jewelry dealings.

Stymied by this avenue of investigation, the investigators began to look elsewhere to trace the huge Nixon jewelry collection. They found that for many years the family jewels had also been handled by Rose Mary Woods's longtime family friend Donald Carnevale, who worked with New York's famed Harry Winston, Incorporated. "Uncle Don" Carnevale had died in 1972, but the investigators wanted the company records that he had kept.

On June 18, 1973, Senate Watergate Committee Chairman Sam Ervin signed a subpoena demanding that the Winston company produce all Nixon books and records. But again there was a stonewall.

Carnevale, although representing the Winston firm for the Nixon family, had kept all books and records at home in his bathroom. Winston himself was more than cooperative, but he told investigators that the company did not know the whereabouts of the records since Carnevale had died.

A careful search of Winston's office files turned up vital information. In 1970, Carnevale had, "for insurance purposes," appraised an emeralds-and-diamonds set for Richard and Pat Nixon at \$52,400. The investigators were sure this was the same set of earrings that had been given to the Nixons by Saudi Arabian Prince Fahd in 1969. Why, investigators wondered, was Nixon having them appraised for insurance purposes? Those jewels were by law the permanent property of the U.S. government, not of the Nixons.

The Senate staff investigators reached the conclusion that they had better look into all presidential gifts as a source of the \$580,000 worth of jewels Shaw had appraised in Rose Mary Woods's White House office.

One answer to that puzzle was later given to investigators by Shaw himself. He told them he was "under the impression" that \$300,000 worth of jewels he appraised belonged to Rose Mary Woods.

But when she testified under oath before the Watergate Committee, the President's secretary said the total value of personal property she had acquired since January 1961 was less than \$5,000. Her attorney, Charles Rhyne, later said he doubted if Miss Woods owned any significant amount of jewelry.

Just as the Senate investigators were getting close to solving the Nixon jewelry caper, the committee went out of existence. That file, together with the Winston and Shaw reports, was sent to Leon Jaworski, who assigned a team of his investigators to begin looking further into the matter. Jaworski's staff went back over the ground already plowed by the Senate investigators. They talked to Shaw and people at the Winston company, and indicated to Ambrose that they still wanted to talk with his client—Pat Nixon's cousin, Edward Sullivan.

When Ford's catch-all pardon came down, the entire investigation became pointless. Even if Nixon had either acquired or sold more than a half-million dollars' worth of jewelry belonging to the U.S. government under the foreign-gifts law, absolutely nothing could be done about it.

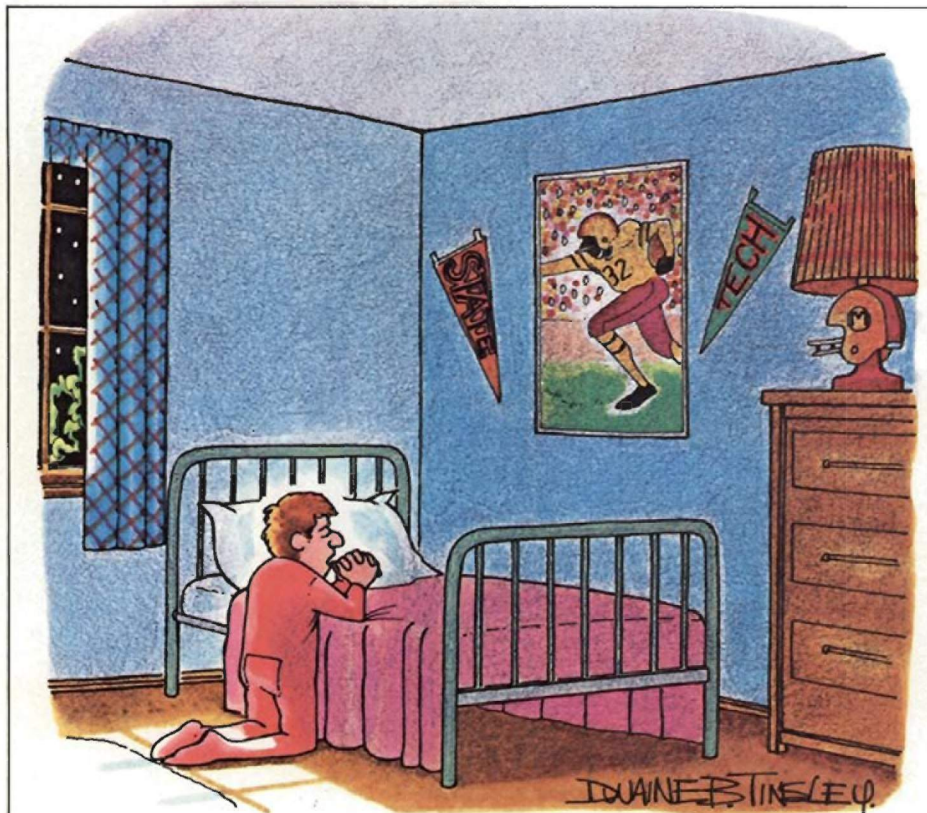
Much the same is true for other investigations. Did Nixon convert campaign gifts to his personal use? Did he sell ambassadorships? Did he have a tidy sum tucked away in a tax-evading Swiss bank account?

These questions became linked because of the characters involved. It all started with what became known to the press and Special Prosecutor as the "Maritime Question."

On October 23, 1969, President Nixon announced a major new maritime policy, which he asked Congress to enact. The intent of the new law was to help the lagging American merchant-shipping industry by granting subsidies for the construction of new ships. The American maritime industry said the law must be passed if it was to survive. At the same time, foreign shipowners hated the proposed law because the U.S. could now afford to build its own ships, thereby taking huge chunks of business from them.

Then a strange thing happened. The law the Nixon Administration worked so hard to enact was not implemented. It existed on paper, but it was not enforced. This so angered the American maritime industry that its friends in Congress introduced another piece of legislation designed to guarantee that a certain percentage of imported oil and oil products would be transported on

(continued on page 102)



"And thanks again for that great nine-inch pecker you gave me. Amen."





Photography by Suze Randall

**SATURDAY  
AFTERNOON  
FEVER**



HUSTLER'S HONEYS • APRIL 1979



















As the phenomenon of disco sweeps the land, everybody is trying to get in on the act; even people who don't know the Charleston from the Hustle. But disco dancing is hard to master, and dance teachers across the country are finding themselves stuck with students who can't tell their right foot from their left.

There's more to disco than dancing, however, and there's no sense doing things half-assed. The real enjoyment of disco comes from trying out *all* the moves. Teachers worth their sweat know this and will prepare their students for what's ahead once they step out on their own. The pulsating rhythm, the touching and twirling, the frenzied bumping and twisting combine to raise the dancer's temperature to a fever. And once the fever sets in, the heart beats to a different drummer.

When the music stops and the spell breaks, you may be shocked. But it shouldn't be any surprise. People will do anything once they're hot with Disco Fever.



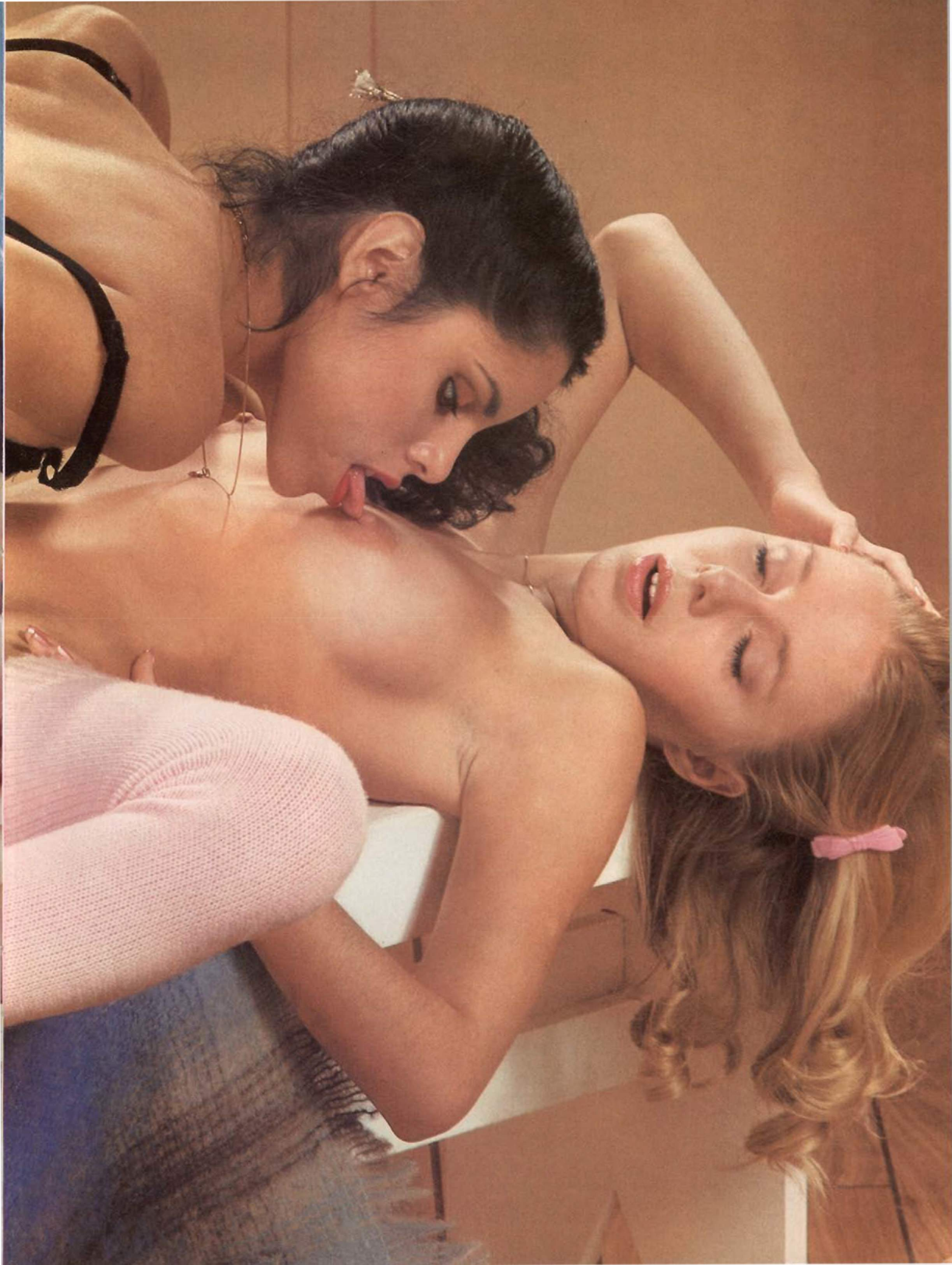


















In a bar an innocent young man was drinking with an older companion, trying to learn all he could about the opposite sex. "What do you call that little magic button in a woman's slit?"

"Clitoris. Clit for short."

"What's the brown part around the nipples?"

"That's called the areola."

"Wow, you know everything about women! How about that smooth patch of skin between the vagina and the asshole?"

The older man thought for a moment and then answered, "Well, I don't recall the scientific name for it—but every guy I know calls it a chin rest."

During the early days of aviation a stunt pilot in Scotland was selling rides in his plane. One day he got into an argument with an old farmer who insisted on taking his wife along at no extra charge. "Look," said the pilot. "I'll take you both up for the price of one if you promise not to utter a sound. If I hear just one peep out of you, the price is double."

The pilot and his passengers climbed aboard and took off. The pilot then executed some death-defying feats, but the old farmer and his wife remained silent. The aviator finally gave up trying to make the farmer yell and landed the plane.

"I don't believe it!" the pilot exclaimed. "I made moves up there that frightened even me; yet you never so much as uttered a sound. You're a very brave man."

"Well, thank ye," said the Scotsman. "But I can't deny there was one time that ye almost had me."

"When was that?" asked the pilot.

"Just after my wife fell out," the farmer said.

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines *rubber ball* as: making it with an inflatable love doll.

Upon arriving at the hotel, Mr. Martin and his young secretary discovered that only one room had been reserved, not the two requested. Since the hotel was booked up, the clerk suggested they share the room, which had two twin beds. They took it.

After saying good-night, they went to their beds. In the middle of the night the secretary called out, "Mr. Martin, would you please close the window?"

Martin replied, "How would you like to be Mrs. Martin for tonight?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" the girl responded.

"Good! Then *you* close the damn window!!"

On the night of a costume party the wife suddenly came down with a headache and told her husband to go alone. After putting up a little protest he put on his costume and left for the party, while the wife took some aspirins and went to bed. When she awoke an hour later, her headache had vanished, and so she decided to go to the party. Since her husband hadn't seen her costume, she thought it would be fun to observe how he acted when on his own.

At the party she saw her husband cavorting and dancing with a number of women and even copping a feel here and there. The wife sidled up to him and easily diverted his attention from his latest partner. Soon they went out to a parked car, where they proceeded to make passionate love before returning to the party.

Just before midnight she slipped away, went home and jumped into bed. When her husband finally came home, she asked, "Did you have a good time, darling?"

"Not really. I never really enjoy myself when you're not there."

"Didn't you dance with anyone?" she asked.

"No. When I got there, some of the other fellows were stag, so we played some poker. But I'll tell you, the guy I loaned my costume to said he had one hell of a time!"

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines *hobosexual* as: someone who fucks only bums.

Night after night the girl's phone would ring, and each time she answered it a whispered voice would torment her. "Surprise, my leetle darlink. Tank you very much. I would like for to fuck your mouth, your nose, your ears. . . ."

A friend advised her to notify the police, and with a wiretap the caller was caught—a big, rawboned Swede. After being booked the Swede was allowed to make one phone call. The suspect went over to the pay phone, deposited a dime, dialed a number and whispered, "Surprise, my leetle darlink. Tank you very much. I would like for to. . . ."

**Question:** What's the penalty for bigamy?

**Answer:** Two mothers-in-law.

***HUSTLER Humor** jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER Humor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.*





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# CHESTER & HESTER



"Ya see? The system works."





HALLEREN





# MIDEAST MISSION

LOOKING FOR  
A LASTING PIECE

Report by Frank Fortunato

**R**obert McNamara, in his capacity as president of the World Bank, has stated that Egypt's zooming population growth, left unchecked, would result in a population of more than 70 million by the year 2000, exhausting nearly all economic gains. In fighting Israel, Egypt has accumulated some 100,000 casualties and \$11 billion in foreign debts (the servicing of which absorbed 90 percent of its economic growth in 1976). In 1977, when Israel allowed its currency to float on the world market, it promptly fell from 10 to 18 liroth to the U.S. dollar. Ex-CIA Director William Colby, testifying before a congressional committee, projected that another war with Egypt would result in 45,000 Israeli casualties. Besides the human tragedy, this would constitute an automatic defeat for Israel in terms of manpower lost in an already faltering economy. In short, Egypt and Israel are intrinsically poor nations whose economies have been crippled by 30 years of mobilization and war. With this in mind—along with the added directive to savor the people (read "also women")—HUSTLER sent me, their ever-horny Italian from New York City, to the Middle East



to get a feel for the two countries—politically, socially and sexually.

## LONDON

The home of the Queen, Big Ben and Arab sheikhs, London has long been the city where Arabs take luxurious vacations, educate their children and receive sophisticated medical treatment. Since the price of Arab oil quadrupled five years ago, billions of Arab petrodollars have bubbled into London. "Arabization" is evident everywhere. Many of the best homes in Mayfair and Belgravia have been purchased by Saudi and Persian Gulf Arabs. Department stores display welcome signs and instructions in Arabic, as does every London taxi. The superexpensive Harrod's department store is filled with Arabs in flowing headdresses and djellaba gowns. "It's the only place they haven't been able to buy," a cabdriver grumbled.

Then there are the Egyptians. The oil-poor Egyptians don't stay at the fancy Mayfair and Dorchester hotels, but tend toward cheaper accommodations in Earl's Court or Bayswater. Perhaps the largest concentration of Egyptian artifacts (outside of Egypt) can be found in the British Museum—granite and wooden antiquities plundered during the British Administration. By a cruel twist of fate, the poorest and most

populous of the Arab countries has come up dry in the oil sweepstakes, while "one tent" countries like Qatar and Kuwait buy up half of London.

Jet lag had finally caught up with me at Heathrow Airport. I awoke to see my plane taxiing down the runway. Spot of fucking bother, that. I made reservations on the next flight to Cairo—leaving that evening—and tried to use the day to root out more Arab lore. This led me to the Egyptian tourist agency, where I was told I would find a room in Cairo despite the fact that the main hotels were booked from between four months to two years in advance.

My trip to the agency led me to Soho, and natural sonar steered me to some sleazy backstreets near Piccadilly Circus, with cryptic signs on the doors: "Model—1st Floor," "French Model," etc. In the name of journalistic inquiry I felt compelled to check these places out.

Prostitution is tolerated in London as long as it's off the streets and no more than one girl works in an apartment. All the establishments had one thing in common—a middle-aged "hostess" to baby-sit the waiting clientele while the hooker works in an adjoining room. In one place I spoke at length with the "hostess," an energetic Italian lady.

"Do you get many Arab men up here?" I asked.

"Yes! They are the worst! Total brutes! They hate the girls... fling the money at them... as sexual as monkeys... and they like to do it in the behind!" From what I later saw of sexual repression in the Arab world, this report was easy to understand.

## CAIRO

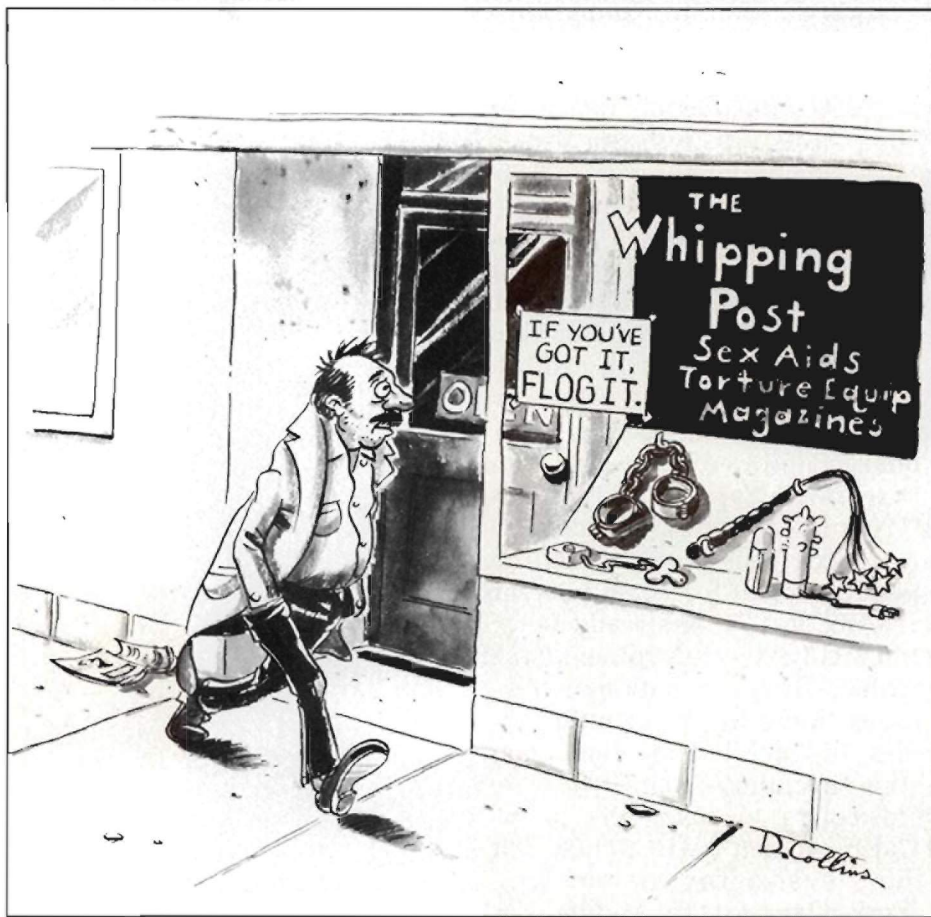
Twelve and a half hours later I was awakened in my room at Cairo's Continental Savoy by an eerie chant coming from a loudspeaker somewhere down the street. It was a recording of the *muezzin*, or crier, calling the faithful to prayer at the local mosque. In the past the *muezzin* would stand in the mosque's minaret and bellow his litany through a megaphone. Now it's done with the flip of a switch. I'd had a five-hour nap after my flight landed, and I jumped up, remembering I was in Cairo, not New York, and cursing myself for losing so much time. The hotel had a restaurant, nightclub, banquet hall and a bar. I chose the bar.

I had to fight my way through a wedding party to get in. After ordering a drink, I struck up a conversation with a retired Scottish banker who lived north of London. Willy was an affable old duffer who spoke of the hundreds of brands of scotch as if he'd personally savored each one. I asked him about women in Cairo. He became pensive: "It's difficult... mostly forbidden. You can try the nightclubs out by the pyramids." Willy had no inclination to join me in rooting out these apparently mythical Egyptian whores, and after making a date to see him and a "young Egyptian friend" the next day, I left for the Nile Hilton. "Better take a cab—the sidewalks are full of holes" were his parting words.

He was right about the sidewalks. They were so filled with potholes it looked as if Israeli jet fighters had just strafed the city. Arab men of all ages walked arm in arm through the streets (to avoid falling into the craters?), and there was a noticeable absence of women—especially unescorted women. At 9 the noise level was still high. Drivers, blazing down empty streets, *still* leaned heavily on their horns, and the streetlights flickered intermittently. Electricity is a problem in Egypt. The telephones work like roulette wheels: Maybe you'll get a dial tone—and maybe not.

The Hilton rises over the Nile like an impudent high-rise insult to the stately Egyptian Museum, which faces it. The mezzanine level features a casino, where the international guests compete in

(continued on page 78)







"Third sale we've lost this week."



# *Sleeping Beauty*

A KNIGHT  
TO REMEMBER







Photography by Matti Klatt

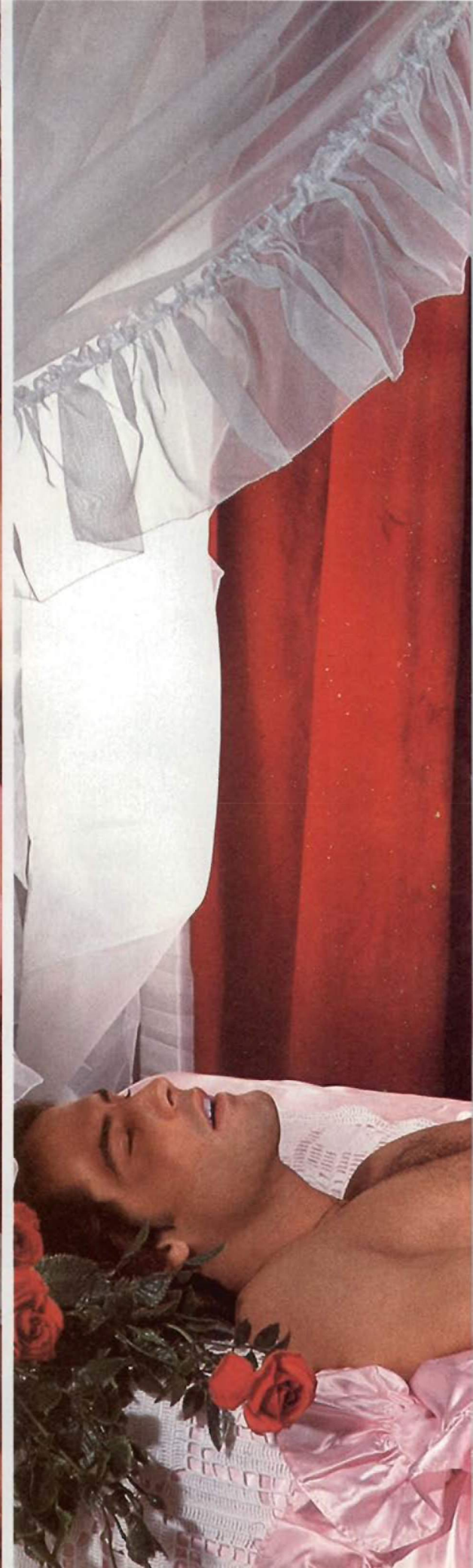














**T**o be awakened from an erotic dream ... to feel the warm and urgent touch of a handsome prince ... to surrender to his seductive charm. ... This is a recurring female fantasy. *Sleeping Beauty* is no

longer an innocent child dreaming. She is a sensuous woman, surrendering to the passionate, powerful demands of a hard, forceful prince who helps her bridge the gap between fantasy and totally fulfilling reality.













(continued from page 68)

donating their money to the Egyptian economy. With John, an American oil rigger working in Saudi Arabia, I foraged the place from lobby lounge to rooftop restaurant looking for Cleopatra's descendants. We didn't find a single stray woman.

"You know," I said, "I read that Cleopatra once blew a hundred Roman noblemen in a single night. So what's happened?"

"Yeah, well, I don't think there's been a blow job given in this country since then," John rejoined.

I asked him why he vacationed in Cairo. "If you'd ever been to Saudi Arabia, you'd know why," he said. "That place is something else."

John and I parted as easily as we'd met. I returned to the Continental Savoy, where the wedding was now in full-swing. A belly dancer was performing, and the previously sedate audience had degenerated into a contingent of drunks, falling all over each other in a race to stuff five- and ten-pound notes into the dancer's costume.

The following morning I met Willy's friend Abdullah. He was the 29-year-old son of a successful businessman whose family has strong military ties. He had

spent several years in London and couldn't wait to get back. Nevertheless, he claimed he would "die for his country" (a frequently expressed sentiment). Knowing I was a journalist, he felt it his duty to act as my tour guide.

Driving east out of Cairo, we passed a vast slum known as "The City of the Dead," so named because it's adjacent to a cemetery. We drove by long rows of shacks, where naked children played in donkey shit, and old men sat perfectly immobile, smoking hookahs. It seemed endless. More than a million people live there, earning whatever they can as caretakers for the tombs and mausoleums. Many are Palestinians. This Third World spectacle gave way to the cemetery itself: "You see, there's a Jewish tomb," said Abdullah, maintaining that Moslems and Jews lived in peace prior to 1948. (This view is vehemently disputed by Israel's Sephardic Jews, who claim to have been a persecuted minority in the Arab states before being kicked out at the time of the U.N. partition of Palestine in '48.)

Later, as Abdullah and I walked down the long hill from the Citadel of Saladin, soldiers smiled and waved, and children proffered loud "hall-os" while their veiled mothers giggled. I was developing an impression of Egyptians that would grow throughout my stay:

that they are friendly and likable—sweet, in fact. Abdullah, sensing my surprise at this, said, "Egyptians feel that their guests come first." At the time, I thought that was bullshit, but I came to see that it was true.

Egyptians tend to revere everything from the West—especially if it is English. Even their imaginative and elaborate insults reflect this, as in the expression "It would take a thousand British ships to pull your mustache out of my ass!" Although this national attitude is pleasant for the visitor, it reflects an inferiority complex that runs marrow-deep. This is sad, particularly when you consider that Egypt has a heritage second to none.

After dinner Abdullah and I took a cab to the Cairo Sheraton. There a Palestine Liberation Organization convention was taking place. Surrounded by sullen Palestinians, we got drunk in the bar and discussed the woman problem in Cairo. And it is a problem. Egypt is a sexually repressed society. Meeting women is difficult there, especially for the poor, who generally have their marriages arranged by their families. Abdullah confirmed what Willy had mentioned about the nervous, physical reaction among theater audiences titillated by kissing scenes. He pointed out that frequently belly dancers are hookers, but they are the *creme de la creme* who go to the highest bidder—often cabinet ministers and other powerful people. The average Egyptian must fend for himself.

After a near-miss with an English blonde and a pair of backpacking New Zealanders, we rode home in scotch-soaked defeat. Abdullah elaborated on the ass problem: "It's like a Victorian society here. 'Monkey business' goes on, but it's carefully hidden. The only socially condoned loose women are the divorcees."

He told me about one of his lovers: 40, divorced and teaching at a university. She was in love with Abdullah, but it still took him nearly six months to get her in bed. "Chastity is so heavily conditioned in our women that even the intelligent ones have problems dealing with it." We made a pact to meet the following evening for an all-night trollop hunt.

#### GETTING LAID IN CAIRO

Getting a piece of ass is difficult for the single Egyptian, and an epic challenge for the non-Arabic-speaking visitor. Even with Abdullah on my team it was hardly a cakewalk. We started searching in Opera Square, a park adjacent to the

(continued on page 88)





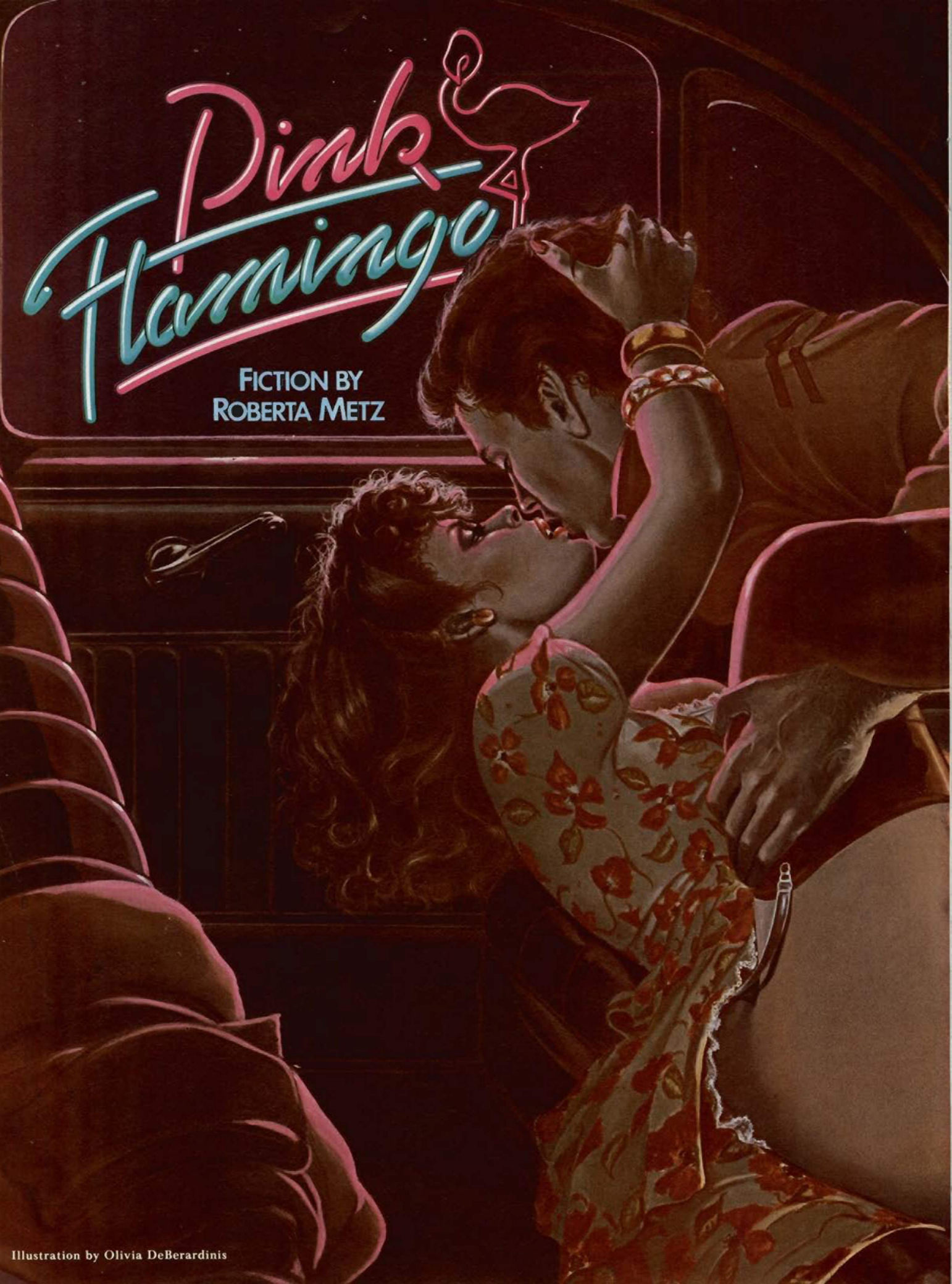


"It says, 'I'm a pervert. In case of an emergency, suck my dick.'"



# Divk Hemmingway

FICTION BY  
ROBERTA METZ







They met at the Pink Flamingo, the only bar in town. There was a plastic flamingo staked into the grass below the broken neon sign that flashed PI K FL INGO. Paper mills steamed all around it. Inside, couples danced the fox-trot. Women arranged their hair like Carole Lombard. The men cheered Joe DiMaggio's latest triumph. The headlines read Tokyo. And Lux was the leading soap flake.

She watched him chain-smoke and crumble the Lucky softpack into the ashtray. He was a handsome one, with fine brown hair and tea-colored eyes. He was in uniform. She was a pushover for soldiers. She slid onto the empty barstool next to him.

"Whatcha name?"

"Leon William Justin Covington Black."

"How many people's that?"

"Just me. Call me Leo."

"Pleased to meetcha . . . name's Julie."

His forehead began to shine. He gulped down the rest of the



smoky concoction he was drinking and ordered another.

"Make that two," she said.

She swung from side to side on the unraveling wicker barstool, trapped in a minor role. Crossing her sharp knees, she flashed a black-lace garter with a faded-blue silk rose. She gave him a slow once-over while he stared straight ahead.

"Your shoes need repairing," she said, lingering on his feet.

"I never make repairs."

"How'll you pass inspection?"

"Don't have to. Got me a discharge last month. Bad back."

The soldier's cigarette smoldered in the ashtray. Julie took out a tarnished gold compact with pasted stones and spun fresh color on her mouth, using her pinky like a prong along her lower lip. She blotted the lipstick into a napkin beneath her drink. It had been a slow night. No takers. And it was almost closing time. She looked at him, sizing up the vein popping out of his hand. She made her move.

"Would ya like a little lovin'?"

He didn't turn to look at her. Instead he stared at her image in the mirrored bar.

"How much?"

"Not much."

She sidled up to him and took a last

sip from her drink. Wet-lipped, she confided, "My cunt's not a slot machine like some of those other chippies."

"Sounds good to me."

"Ya got a car parked out back?"

"Yeah."

"Then nothin's holdin' us."

He tilted and emptied his glass. She draped a soiled white cardigan over her green strapless taffeta.

When they left, they emptied the bar. The neon sign turned off. He pointed to an old Ford.

"Where to?"

"Why move? Ain'tcha got everythin' ya need?"

As soon as she got inside the car she asked him to start the engine so she could flick on the radio. The car filled with the music of Glenn Miller's orchestra. She sang along and reached for the soldier's leg. It was the familiar feel of khaki; she knew the buttons by heart and didn't have to grope. He grabbed her hand piratically, breaking out into a sweat. After a deep breath he rubbed his genitals and patted her hand back in place. She bunched her skirt around her hips. He ran a hand up her thigh, sticking his finger beneath the elasticized leg. A dark nest laced her inner thighs.

"Want the \$10 sleigh ride? We hafta move to the backseat."

He was rubbing her nylon cunt, pinching it together. She was getting excited and had difficulty concentrating on making the deal. Then he made a sudden rush for it with his mouth, sucking her through damp pants. She held his head in place, luxuriating in the feel of his soft hair.

"If that's all you want, it's a fiver," she said hoarsely.

He strained upright.

"Take it out. Suck it," he said.

"Well, that's another fiver," she said weakly.

He dug into his shoe and came up with two bills. She held them up and put them into her red-plastic change purse. Then she bent over, greasing him in her mouth. She began doing complicated things with her tongue, and the music absorbed his groans. His cock felt like soapstone. With greedy eyes he watched her mouth moving up and down on him. She began flicking faster, using her hand and tongue at the same time, cupping his balls, chewing his foreskin. His head fell back against the seat. She didn't pull back when he came. She swallowed his viscosity, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and popped a Life Saver, sucking loud. She reached up to kiss him.

"Hey, none of that."

"Don'tcha like to kiss?"

"I'm shy from the neck up."

His turgid member was touching the mole on her thigh. He rose slightly from the seat and arranged himself back into his trousers, his bulk still visible.

"Ya have a real eternal organ," she laughed.

"Yeah."

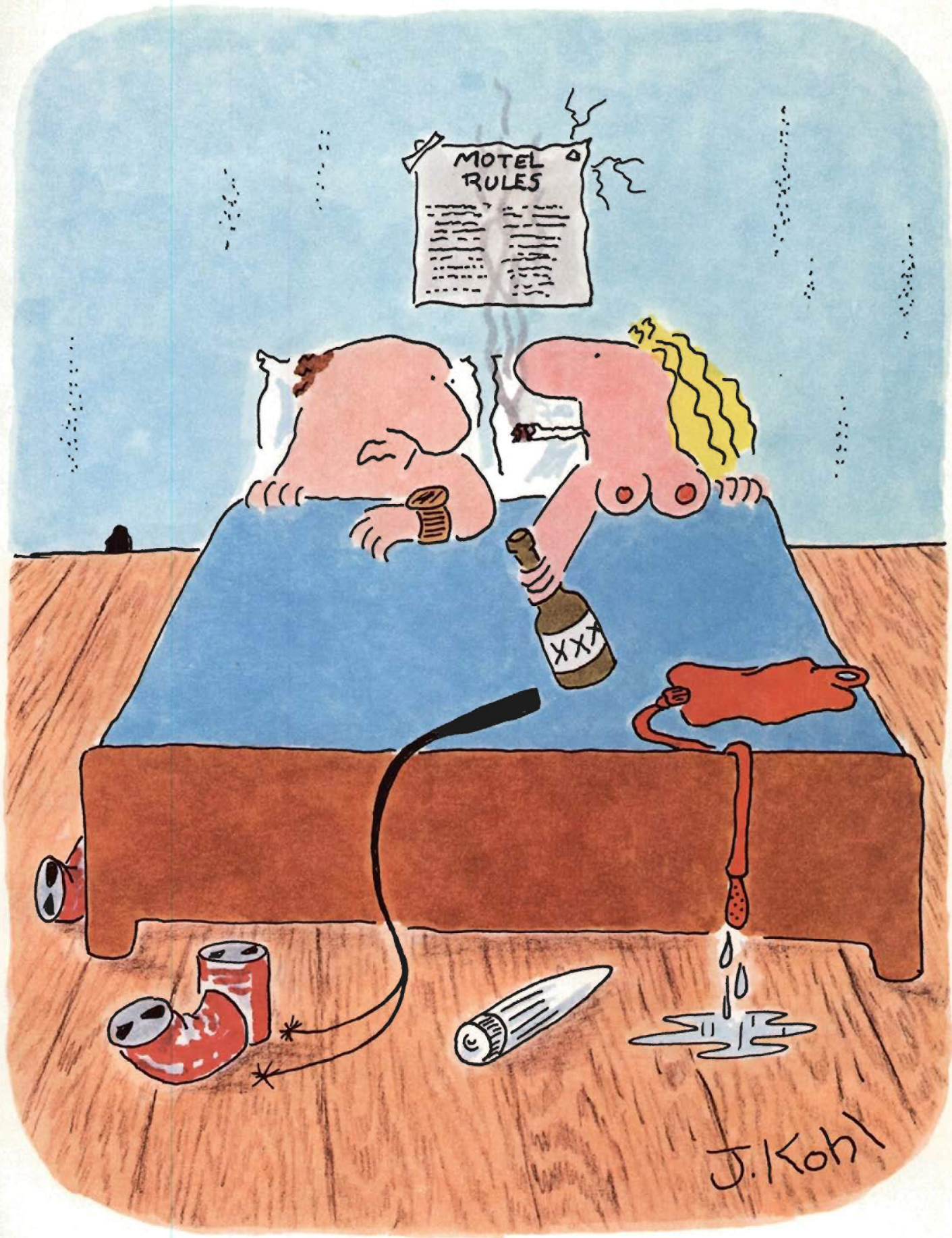
Julie squinted, scrutinizing Leo closely. There was a dull gleam in his eye, and he looked young and fresh. Through the windshield the moon looked like a bowl of cream. She sank back into the worn upholstery and closed her eyes.

Leo reminded her of Noah. Noah, her kid brother, the solemn little boy with flat blond hair who might have been homely except his eyes changed that. Deep-blue eyes that could hold more tears than anybody else's. Whenever it was time to kill a chicken or a runty pig, Noah would break down. He wouldn't even slap a fly off his nose. They lived on a broken-down farm with their mother. Papa ran off just before Noah was born. She loved her papa. He didn't work much, but he was good for a laugh when he wasn't sleeping on the porch with his hat over his face, taking pulls from a bottle. After Papa, Mama never

(continued on page 119)







"Good grief, it's 9:30! I gotta get home and beat up the wife and kids."



# Everything You Wanted

**A**lthough most Americans have heard of vibrators, dildoes and other "sex aids," many people are still unfamiliar with the range of available items, and even more important, with their proper selection, use and upkeep. So, as a reader service, HUSTLER presents

the following guide to vibrators and dildoes.

The first question beginners have is: What is right for me? Choosing the appropriate vibrator or dildo is dependent on one's sexual needs and knowledge. It makes no sense for beginners to use a high-powered, 14-

inch vibrator, or an extremely thick dildo with prongs for both anal and clitoral stimulation, on a woman who has no experience with even the most basic of sex aids. You don't want your woman to develop a mental block against all such aids simply because you wanted to thrill yourself





# to Know About Sex Aids\*

at the expense of her pleasure. Leave the exotic to the connoisseur and the experienced.

What you want to accomplish with a sex aid—or whatever fantasy you wish to fulfill—should dictate what type of product you finally purchase. For example, does your

woman fantasize about having someone with a cock larger than your own? Are you both whites with a bi-racial fantasy to act out? You can carry out both fantasies quite easily by purchasing either a flexible dildo or a large black vibrator. Or does your woman wish to be penetrated

simultaneously in her vagina and anus, but doesn't want two men in bed with her? Solving this quandary is a cinch. You simply must assess your sexual needs before making a purchase.

Once you have dis-



**\* But Didn't  
Know Who  
to Ask**



covered a specific need, you'll have to decide whether a vibrator, dildo or other item will most effectively satisfy that need. And the best way to decide is to understand a particular item's functions.

Unlike a dildo, which is made of flexible rubber, a vibrator is a hard-plastic, penislike device containing a small battery-operated motor in its tip. Vibrators are available in a full range of sizes: from a three-inch mini to a standard seven-incher to an imposing giant of 14 inches. If you decide to purchase a large model, and are just a beginner, you'll have to accept the fact that it will take time for your woman to adjust to its width and length. Presently, vibrators can be purchased with either single-speed or variable-speed motors, the latter of which allows you to stimulate with greater intensity the semi-erotic zones (such as knees, back and thighs).

A dildo, on the other hand, is a firm, flexible-rubber item approximating the penis much more closely than a vibrator does. Coming in fleshtone and black, dildoes are available that duplicate the penis right down to having a realistic-looking head as well as veins running the length of the shaft. And like vibrators, they come in a variety of sizes.

In looking for a dildo, be advised that in addition to a solid-bodied type, you may also purchase a hollow dildo into which you may slip your penis. With this type of sex aid make sure that the opening is large enough for your penis, since unscrupulous merchants will sell sleevelike dildoes—which won't accommodate your cock—for the same price as a genuine sleeve or solid-body type. Avoid these "fast-buck dildoes," as they are called, since they are of a poorer quality.

Recently a flexible-rubber vibrator has been introduced, which allows the best of both dildo and vibrator to be incorporated into a single unit.

## THINGS TO LOOK FOR

When buying your vibrator, make sure that the base screws off rather than the head, thereby allowing near-full submersion in water for cleaning. More important, this prevents the head from coming off while the vibrator is humming inside your woman's vagina. Additionally, make sure that the screw-off base is constructed in two parts: one for adjusting the speed, and the other for screwing the base on and off. Single-base plates may vibrate off completely, spilling the batteries into your palm or onto the bed, at the very moment when vibrations are necessary to please your woman. To avoid this possibility you may wish to purchase a vibrator with a toggle switch.

## GETTING ACQUAINTED

Now that you have chosen the appropriate sex aid, you are ready to introduce it to your woman. This introduction should be made with as much care as the selection itself. First of all, make sure the mood is right. Whipping out the aid on an unsuspecting, emotionally and physically unprepared partner may result in a sex session with your palm and a reputation as madman rather than as Casanova. Rule No. 1 requires that you employ foreplay (as you should even if sex aids are not on the agenda), making certain that your woman is both receptive to new adventures and well-lubricated.

Ask her if she'd like to experience a vibrator or dildo, while reassuring her of your intentions to please her. Allow her to feel the aid—to become comfortable with it—before you proceed. Once she's become accustomed to the feel of the aid, caress her nipples and breasts with the vibrator. From there you may move on to the abdomen, thighs and knees.

By this time she will be familiar enough with the sensations to allow you to place the head of the vibrator against her vaginal opening, applying a slight pressure without attempting to penetrate her. You may wish to manipulate her clitoris either orally or with your fingers, although vibrators are particularly effective clitoral stimulators.

If you've handled things properly, as she becomes more excited, she will begin to push down on the aid, letting you

# LUBRICANTS

## Rating the Motion Lotions

Most women lubricate naturally during sexual arousal; however, the flow of lubricant may not last through an entire session, particularly an extended one. Hence, just as sex aids are an adjunct to sexual activities, so are lubricants; and if sex aids are to be employed during the activities, lubricants become virtually indispensable in a majority of cases.

At the top of the lube rating chart

is *K-Y jelly*, manufactured by Johnson &

Johnson. A mainstay

of the medical community, K-Y comes in several sizes and may be purchased in any drugstore without a prescription. Since it is water-soluble, K-Y washes off easily, doesn't leave a residue on the skin and is easily absorbed during sex play, without harming body tissue. But because K-Y is absorbed so quickly and readily, it tends to lose its lubricity after a period of time, and reapplication may be necessary. In terms of sex aids, HUSTLER recommends K-Y as the lubricant to use: It washes off the aids easily and will not harm the rubber or plastic devices.



*Vaseline petroleum jelly*, that old standby, is the second-most-used lubricant on the market. However, since it is petroleum-based, Vaseline is not recommended for vaginal use because the vagina cannot rid itself of the material through its own natural cleansing mechanism. If a Vaseline-coated sex aid must be inserted into the vagina, use the jelly sparingly—don't use it by the jarful.

On the other hand, it is a good lubricant for anal sex because fecal matter can carry the excess Vaseline out of the body. Vaseline is not water-soluble (although the skin will eventually absorb it), and even after washing, a filmy residue will be left on the skin and pubic hair. Since the substance is greasy, it can

know she wants to be penetrated. Don't ram the unit in at this point. Insert only the tip, teasing her, making her want more. After all, you want your woman to be a participant in this love play—an active rather than passive partner. Her need for more penetration will be obvious if you allow her to be active. In the long run the experience will be more satisfying to both of you.

The same technique may be employed with the dildo, although it is not essential to rub the unit across the various parts of the female's anatomy, since it does not offer the same sensations a vibrator does. Instead, employ your usual foreplay techniques, making sure you perform oral sex on her. Then, as you continue cunnilingus, place the lubricated head of the dildo firmly against her vaginal opening, without penetrating. Eventually she should start pushing down on the dildo, signaling you to proceed with penetration, or she will insert you herself. At this point let her passions be your guide; allow her to be a willing participant in this game.

## PRECAUTIONS

There are several things to do, or make sure of, before you begin love play with a sex aid. First of all, make sure you have batteries, and the proper ones at that, before you start (not all vibrators come equipped with them). Second, clean your aid before using it. Third, whether you're using a vibrator or a dildo, make sure that it's lubricated before you begin the session (see "Rating the Motion Lotions"). With either device (especially with a dildo) inspect it before using, and if you've purchased a dildo, use a razor to cut off any sharp edges and protrusions that



stain sheets and clothing. Likewise, since Vaseline is difficult to wash off sex aids, it may prove bothersome considering the crevices and ridges on some of them.

*Creams* are in the No. 3 spot. Even though most creams are made from animal or vegetable fat, making them water-soluble, they shouldn't be used as lubricants unless they are labeled as such. In most cases the label will read "For external use only," which may mean that the manufacturer recommends you do not swallow the substance, but the message may also be that the product should not be used on mucous membranes such as the vagina. These creams are usually intended for sensual massage only.

At this time a new cream product, called *Lube*, rivals Vaseline as a lubricant for anal and vaginal sex. *Lube* is a vegetable product, completely natural, without scents and dyes that could irritate one's skin. Unlike petroleum products, it is water-soluble, takes fewer reapplications and is even edible. Since *Lube* is a new product, it is not yet widely available.

The lowest rating is given to *oils*. Like creams, many oils are to be used externally only. Also, it should be noted that even after washing, oils leave a filmy residue, which may cause stains. Finally, many oils contain desensitizing agents, flavorings and dyes to make them attractive—and there's a chance that these additives could irritate delicate mucous membranes.

As final rules in the lube game: 1) always wash your hands before application to minimize transference of bacteria; 2) read all labels carefully for recommendations and

warnings, and if you have sensitive skin, check the ingredients (not all manufacturers list contents, so as a safety precaution don't use such items); and 3) don't skimp on cost, since higher cost is often the price for quality and safety.

haven't been properly trimmed by the manufacturer—vaginal and anal tissues can be bruised or torn fairly easily.

Never *force* any sex aid into the vagina or anus and then thrust roughly: Go easily until your partner's vaginal muscles have expanded to allow for full penetration. Never take any sex aid directly from the anus and place it immediately into the vagina, since fecal matter will cause infection requiring medical treatment.

Never insert a small device, such as a minivibrator, into the rectum when the possibility that it may slip inside is present. The device may become lodged in the rectum (a few inches beyond the anus) or at the bend of the rectum where it joins the colon, requiring removal by a doctor. If you're in a group scene, never pull out the device from one woman's genitals and place it into another's: You can transfer diseases in this manner. Additionally, since each woman is physically and emotionally different from every other, a particular sex aid may be suitable for one, yet not for another. (Hence, many experienced swingers generally have an assortment of sex aids to choose from at their swap sessions.)

Ultimately, all of these rules are dictated by common sense and reduce themselves to one maxim: Keeping mutual pleasure uppermost, think with the head on your shoulders and not the one on your cock.

## KEEPING THEM CLEAN

Knowing how to take care of a sex aid is as important as its proper selection and introduction into lovemaking. After each

use the sex aid must be cleaned thoroughly. Washing the device in warm soapy water and then running it in first hot water, then cold water, will remove all germs and bacteria. If a unit is not cleaned regularly, a buildup of secretions occurs, which becomes a breeding ground for bacteria that may seriously infect the genital region. After cleaning the unit, store it in a dry place, preferably covered with a dry, soft cloth—humidity can damage a vibrator's motor, in addition to providing a favorable environment for germs.

## EXPANDING YOUR COLLECTION

As you become familiar with your aids, you may find a need to buy specialty items. HUSTLER recommends that you purchase a French-tickler sleeve—with its various rubber nubs and tips—when you obtain your first vibrator, so as to provide variety from the start. (Most tickler sleeves should fit the standard seven-inch model.)


There is a full range of gadgets available to satisfy virtually any sexual yearning. For example, if you feel that you aren't close enough physically to your woman when using a vibrator or dildo, yet you still want to use a device, you may wish to buy a strap-on sheath, into which you place your penis; or you may want to try a penis-extender, which is similar to a condom, with an extension at its tip.

For those of you aspiring to reality in sex aids, a dildo with testicles (some of which can be filled with warm milk to squirt at the appropriate moment) are also readily available. For the daring a dildolike object that twirls in a 360-degree arc (commonly called a Squirmy Rooter) can also be purchased. However, pay attention to construction: The center of the Rooter contains a metal rod that does the twirling, and if that rod is too near the surface of the device, it may break through the rubber while in operation, puncturing the woman's vagina.

Even the Oriental Ben-wa balls are in great supply. HUSTLER recommends that women obtain the battery-powered models called either the Dancing Eggs or Dancing Balls, instead of purchasing two polished steel, gold or silver balls, since it takes a highly sensitive woman to appreciate the gentle sensation supplied by the spheres colliding together in the vagina.

If you're daring, you may want to try an 18-inch, two-headed dildo, called a Double Dong, each end of which may be inserted into separate females (if lesbian play turns you on), or you may insert one end into your lady's anus and the other into her vagina.

Then there is a full range of rectal sex aids available to the experimental-minded. For example, you may wish to purchase a Butt Plug (pictured in the photo-spread), a triangular-shaped rubber device with a large base plate. When inserted into the rectum, the sphincter muscle closes around the narrow end, near the base plate, while the base plate itself prevents the plug from slipping in. Once the plug has been inserted into your woman, you can continue with loveplay (which will prove quite different for both of you), culminating in intercourse. Along the line of other rectal aids, you may wish to buy the Anal Intruder (a slim, vibrating rubber tip that massages the rectal passage) or Anal Beads (six beads on a string that are inserted into the anus and eased out slowly at point of orgasm). The beads originated with Japanese geishas, who would tie knots in a scarf and insert it into the man's anus.

Ultimately, before you decide to expand your collection it would be advisable to send away for catalogs—offered by all mail-order companies—so you can do some comparison shopping before you buy. That way you'll get your money's worth every time. As the opening photograph shows, the range of sex aids is seemingly unlimited, and as you become well-versed in the many types and their uses, you will feel less awed and frightened by them. You will come to realize that sex aids enhance one's sex life, like spice does food. But, as always, go slowly, assessing your needs and buying the appropriate aid, while following the common-sense rules presented here. You won't be disappointed. 





## MIDEAST MISSION

(continued from page 78)

Continental Savoy. In several bars near-by part-time hookers augment their straight-job incomes by demurely renting their bodies between the hours of 6 and 9. This enables them to get home early and tell their families they were at a movie.

We canvassed every square inch of Opera Square and finally spotted two possibles. Unfortunately, they were beset by four eager young men who *looked* hornier than I've felt in ten years.

"Not with a platoon of PLO guerrillas are we going to pry those chicks away from those guys," I said.

"Don't worry. We'll find some good ones," Abdullah kept saying. He was an optimist.

After cruising through another park and finding only the mirror image of ourselves—men prowling around like alley cats—we saw a solitary hooker standing on the corner. Cleopatra she wasn't. In fact, at the usual rates she seemed overpriced. There were four cabs double-parked, their occupants staring at the woman and probably praying to Allah that she would choose them. Neither of us *wanted* her, and this chick already had more offers than she could shake her diaphragm at. Abdullah

approached her to confirm the rate. "She gets five pounds [\$12] all right," he said, shaking his head in disgust. We decided to work the nightclubs.

The nightclubs start out at 9 as family dinner theaters. At our first club, children ran between the tables while an Oriental band played. Then came a midget comedy routine, acrobatic acts and the inevitable belly dancer. The hookers started slipping in at around 11. They work in consort with the clubs by getting a customer to buy several bottles of expensive scotch. If he can still stand by the end of the evening, the hooker balls him for as much as she can get. It is another example of the Universal Clip-Joint Mentality.

We had been traipsing around town from club to club when Abdullah suddenly stopped in front of a building. "This is a synagogue!" he said, obviously proud that a synagogue could even exist in Cairo.

"Is it still open?" I asked.

"Of course," he said.

Cairo! It's easier to score a rabbi there than a decent piece of ass!

Much later we found ourselves—still unfulfilled—standing beneath Cheops' Pyramid. A short distance away was a car with five young men milling around it at a discreet distance. It was a hooker gang-bang. Slightly drunk and standing

beneath The Great Pyramid, I could not have cared less. "This thing should make you proud to be an Egyptian," I said. "You should stay here. Egypt needs guys like you."

"The women of London need me more," Abdullah said. It was difficult to argue with that.

## THE SAUDIS

The next day while walking the streets I wondered about two things: how I would spend my last night in town and where the fuck my hotel was. I happened upon a modishly dressed man with long hair and asked him if he knew what street we were on.

"No!" he said with a laugh. "Where are you going?"

"The Continental Savoy," I replied.

He said he was going in the same direction. Nazar was a Saudi Arabian in his 30s who had been living in Cairo for a year. His manner told me I could be straightforward with him.

I asked about hash. He produced a piece from his pocket, kissed it, called upon Allah (in Arabic) and smiled. Then he apologized: "I have many problems that I wish to escape—that's why I smoke hash."

We sat in Opera Square, and Nazar elaborated on his problems. Although he had the look and feel of a hustler, he was also an intelligent and political man. It had cost him. In 1967 he had been working for Gulf Oil in Saudi Arabia. He and a group of other young Saudis publicly protested their government's policy of not sending troops to help fight the Israelis. "That got me two years in solitary confinement and this," he said, pointing to a broken nose. "Since then my wife, son and I are banished from Arabia." This is a living death to Saudis, who are probably the most nationalistic homebodies in the world.

Nazar invited me to a party being given that evening for a friend who was returning from Riyadh, the Saudi capital. "The man is a prince, and his father is very important with the Bedouins. But he's a regular guy." I immediately accepted, and he added a warning: "Do not tell anyone there that I am in exile."

I looked forward to meeting these Saudis. I had earlier said to Nazar that I thought the greatest obstacle to peace was the Palestinian issue. He had vehemently disagreed. "The main issue is freeing the holy city of Jerusalem for the nearly 600 million Moslems of the world." I happened to know that Israel allows thousands of Arabs from "hos-



"Relax, Mom. We're just playing abortionist."

(continued on page 107)



# BEAVER HUNT

Do you want to make 50 bucks and be a *Beaver Hunt* star? That's no April Fool's joke. HUSTLER will pay \$50 for every color photo we select for *Beaver Hunt*. And we're still conducting our nationwide search for the best *Beaver Hunt* couple. So get those cameras clicking. And if you hit the jackpot, you'll be chosen to pose for an extended photo-feature—and paid profes-

sional modeling rates. All photos become the property of HUSTLER Magazine and are nonreturnable.

Send all entries—male, female or couple—to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 94 or a facsimile including all the information requested.

Photo by Kurt Leffler



Twenty-year-old Brandy Leffler, a student from Mesa, Arizona, would like to make love with her husband and brother-in-law in the famous mine in Superstition Mountain.

Portland, Oregon, is the home of 26-year-old Susanne. She says she loves experimenting to discover new ways to please her man, and adds that long, sensual lovemaking keeps her hot.



Photo by Husband



Photo by L. R. A.



Penchom Amthip lives in Bangkok, Thailand, where she's a go-go dancer. This 20-year-old dreams of making love with a very large man in a swimming pool—and by "large" she doesn't mean fat.



R. A., 35, lives in Gretna, Louisiana, where she spends much of her time "trying to see how big men's cocks are through their pants." She fantasizes about being banged in the ass while her doctor conducts a proctoscopy. Now that's what we call a double-shot of love.

Photo by Bill Hanks



Mobile, Alabama, is where Diana Hanks spends her time "doing what I'm best at: making love and giving oral pleasure." Diana is 24, and her fantasy is to make love with her husband and a foxy chick.

Photo by Paiboon Luangon



# and One for the Fish



Photo by Steve Ragien

Fishy sex is the pastime of Dick Young, a 29-year-old waiter in St. Petersburg, Florida. While some guys may fantasize about getting it on with a whole group of groupies, Dick says he'd like to grope a whole school of groupers.



Photo by M. L. R.



Photo by Gerald P. O'Connor

Jeannie Young Best is a 27-year-old model, dancer and barmaid from Asbury Park, New Jersey. The thought of making love with soft music in the background really gets her juices flowing.





*One for the Ladies...*

Photo by Ken Miner



Photo by Dan P.

Actor Charles Bronson would be in bed with her if Wanda Miner had her way. Wanda, a 21-year-old Moodus, Connecticut, resident, says making love with Charlie is her favorite fantasy.

Photo by Jim



Dan P. lives in Oak Forest, Illinois, with his pet cougar. He likes motorcycles, but 35-year-old Dan would rather ball four women lying side by side on a water bed.



Colton, California, is where 26-year-old Terry spends her time lying in the sun and posing nude for photographs. She dreams of having sex with her husband and one of his buddies at the same time.



Photo by J.H.



Screwing another man while her husband watches is the ultimate sexual fantasy for J. A., a 28-year-old housewife. Being a true Texan, she also likes horseback riding.

An artist, 26-year-old Audry Williams lives in Gary, Indiana. She writes that her sexual fantasy is to share her bed with four men.



Photo by Joe Stark



Photo by Henry Olmsted

Putting on the dog and partying late into the night are favorite pastimes of Red Bud, a one-year-old Bridgeton, Missouri, resident. Red Bud's favorite fantasy is to have sex with a human, but she may be barking up the wrong tree.





INTERVIEW: TED McILVENNA  
(continued from page 46)

be confident that the advice is based on his or her sound training and accurate knowledge.

However, we usually find that the opposite is true. For years now the newspaper good-advice columns and church relationship literature have pushed the idea that someone with sex problems should see their clergyman, physician or psychologist. But as I said earlier, most of these people have no formal training in sexual therapy whatsoever. And institutions are just beginning to give that training. For example, psychologists in California, at least,

# HUSTLER

## BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 89). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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Photographer

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Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

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have to have ten hours of training in the sex field. But if you have a serious problem, wouldn't you hesitate about going to someone with only ten hours of training?

Actually, these so-called experts are into a power game and they can't let go. They're unable to say, "I don't know anything about that." Instead they say, "Come up with a more acceptable problem and I'll deal with it." Some of these therapists don't want their clients to have better sex lives. The worst person in the world is often the old family physician. For example, a man in his 40s comes in and says, "Doctor, I've had a problem lately. I can't seem to get it up too well." The doctor puts his arm around him and says, "Sam, well, you are getting a little older and..." That doctor ought to be sued for malpractice! HUSTLER: What would you say to a man who asked you the same question? McILVENNA: I'd say, "OK, you want to have a better sex life? First, give yourself time and space. To help you we've got a program called Sexual Attitude Restructuring (SAR). It will show you ways to become more sex-positive. But first of all you have to give in to your own sexuality. You have to take time and space and enjoy it."

I had a woman sent to me by a psychiatrist. She was very upset, and she said, "He sent me because I didn't have any guilt feelings." And I asked, "What did you do that didn't cause the guilt you're supposed to feel?" She said, "I had sex with my eight-year-old son." "What kind of sex?" I asked. "I sucked his wee-wee," she said. I asked her "Why? What happened?" And she went on to say, "I did this two weeks before he died of leukemia. I wanted him to have that feeling and that experience before he died." The facts changed the context, of course. The point is that the psychiatrist still couldn't deal with the fact that this woman had wanted to perform oral sex on her son, had done it and then didn't have any guilt feelings afterward. And that's why he asked her to see me. I said to her, "What a great opportunity. I'm glad you could share it with me."

HUSTLER: That's a beautiful story. But your answer about the man who's having sexual problems seemed a bit general. What would you say to a 40- or 50-year-old who claimed to be impotent?

McILVENNA: I'd ask him if he really knew how to use his vibrator. I'd try to get him to stop thinking about big cocks and holes that can never be filled, and I'd point out that there isn't anything a man can do with his penis that his hands

can't do except ejaculate, and how many times are you constrained to ejaculate?

One of the things that we have not dealt with in our society is this touching business—touching for pleasure. It's all right to do the sex act, but it's not all right to touch. Yet our hands are magnificent—the greatest sex objects in the world. What I do with males who have sexual difficulty is train them to be excellent masseurs. I give everybody a bag, and I say, "Here's a bag of tricks. It contains lotions and an ostrich feather." (I like ostrich feathers better than peacock feathers.) "Here's a tape recorder with some great sex sounds on it, or music if you want; or here are some books containing graphic sex photographs. It's also nice to have a little movie projector along to watch what other people do."

Anyway, when the male gets the grab bag of toys and learns about touching—about using his hands—he comes back in a week with a glow on his face. After all of his life's failures, he manages to get it up, get it in, get it on and get it out. And in the process, suddenly, his woman cares about his body too. Afterward one guy told me that he was really angry. He said, "Why didn't anybody tell me? Why didn't she tell me?"

HUSTLER: What would you say to a man who has constrained his sexuality into a particular fetish and is now finding it hard to obtain a partner who will go along with his game?

McILVENNA: We help him expand his options as far as possible. But first we say "Yes" to him and then help him to manage himself, to keep from getting caught, if necessary.

HUSTLER: Well, we weren't necessarily talking about something illegal or dangerous. But let's say he wants his wife to dress up as a cheerleader or he wants to give her an enema, but he has all this guilt. Then what?

McILVENNA: One of the things we point out is that such a man is not that different. The range of sexual behavior we see is really rather narrow: There aren't that many people doing all of those supposedly awful things, but there are a lot of people playing. Sex ought to be something you play—dressing up and so on. There's nothing wrong with that. We play at everything else we do. But instead of playing at sex, we too often have this image of what proper, mature sex is. I think proper, mature sex would be boring. I don't even know what it is.

HUSTLER: It's like "military intelligence"—the terms don't seem to go together.



**McILVENNA:** Right! And it's been very hard for many "professionals" to admit that sex should be fun. Take sex books, for instance. There's still a lot of bullshit in print, like those marriage manuals that say there are 97 different positions, or 43 or 33 or whatever. Sex involves getting turned on: Sex is grunting, groaning, getting off, feeling good about it and then planning to get it on the next time. Sex is not "getting into the right position." Additionally, we've been taught to believe that sex must be in the clouds—that the heavens must part and all this kind of thing. Well, the world doesn't move when we screw! The only thing that happens is that we go through a response and we feel good about it.

**HUSTLER:** Are you saying that sex has been made too mysterious?

**McILVENNA:** Yes. We've clouded it by saying that sex is all right if the relationship is right. We've all been told: "It's all right to put your sex organs together as long as there's real integrity in the relationship." I point out to people that integrity relates in direct proportion to how horny you are. And that's just the plain truth; yet people lie, and I'm tired of it. I hope that one of these days people will start being honest about what they are interested in.

On the way down here I watched a man pick up a copy of *HUSTLER* Magazine and place it between the pages of a newspaper. He walked around with it just kind of folded open. He didn't want to steal it, but he didn't want anybody to see him with it either. People are interested in looking, but they don't want other people to know!

As part of one of the studies we conducted with professional persons, we placed sex aids out on display. If we put 20 sex aids out, and there were 20 professionals, at least ten of the items would be stolen. We've always had to manage our sexuality surreptitiously.

**HUSTLER:** Is there any validity to the old Victorian idea that sex is dirty so you do it in secret, and it's more *fun* because it's dirty and you do it in secret?

**McILVENNA:** If you want to use that idea to get off, fine. People can use anything. But I wouldn't recommend repression as a good fetish. The important thing is this: Do you feel good about it afterward? You get turned on, you do the big wiggle or you get it off by yourself or whatever you want to do. But feeling good about it afterward is what's important, because it governs whether you plan to get on to the next time.

**HUSTLER:** Women seem to be doing a lot of complaining about the lack of good men lately. "Where are the avail-

able men?" they ask. Are more American men turning homosexual? And if so, why?

**McILVENNA:** I don't really see a radical change. I hear people talking about it, and I see a few people saying honestly that they fit in as bisexuals. But after all, Kinsey pointed out in 1948 that 37 percent of American males have some homosexual experience leading to orgasm after puberty, and I don't think there's been any dramatic change from that. We see males who have been bisexual all along finally coming out of the closet and saying, "Yes, we really like male bodies too."

**HUSTLER:** Has the feminist movement had an influence here? It's often said that men who feel pussywhipped turn gay out of desperation. Do you think that's true?

**McILVENNA:** No, I don't think anyone is really going to change another person's partner preference. But just as we can help enlarge a person's sexual options in a healthy and creative way, so, I suppose, could a destructive person influence a person's options in a negative way. But I think men must realize some new things about women. Even though most men aren't doing anything different sexually than they did 20 years ago, women are. That's where the so-called sexual revolution really is—more

women are taking responsibility for their own sexuality.

Being in the sex field, I've learned that most women want to have sex as often as most men, but they're worried about how they're going to be treated, since women have been pretty badly treated—in terms of being used in certain ways at certain times. Now the balance is changing, and I think what we have to do is say, "Hey, great, it's wonderful that women are sexually liberated. We're next." Instead, however, a lot of men are becoming pussywhipped. And I think that that situation is partly the result of guilt about their sexuality. I would say to every man, "Hey, you have the option to masturbate—you don't have to deal with that." Any man can say, "I've got a 'five-finger Minnie' right here, and I can have anybody I want, so what's so special about you?" But many males still have this drive to prove themselves as men.

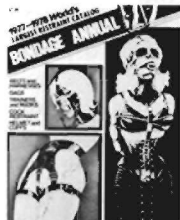
I think saying no is an option for men, just as it's an option for women. Men have to forget this bullshit about "I'm not a man if I say no. I'm always ready." Sometimes you're *not* ready. Sometimes you've got to say, "No, the cost is too much. I'm simply not Johnny Up, Johnny Hard, Johnny Ready, Johnny In! Sometimes I feel like Johnny Out, and right now I want to play golf. But first





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I'm going to masturbate."

**HUSTLER:** Many men still labor under the myth that what they want from their women is *everything*: hostess in the parlor, slut in the bedroom, sympathetic mind to help them in their work—they want it all. Is that unrealistic today?

**McILVENNA:** I think it's unrealistic because what men want always has to be tempered with what women want. And what women want is not to be *owned*. They want to be who they are and not what a man wants them to be. And that's why we have so many women who say, "I need space: I must find myself." Men have to learn to listen to that. Males have to become male feminists—and if for no other reason than that male feminists get laid more often. That's the simple truth. They do. The guys who let women have the room and let women be who they are get laid more often. Macho guys should listen to that advice.

**HUSTLER:** Do you support the militant feminist position? For instance, do you agree with the angry feminists who picketed HUSTLER's offices because we "hung women up like pieces of meat"?

**McILVENNA:** No—that group I don't support. I'm a male feminist, not a militant feminist asshole! What's wrong with the women's movement right now is that it doesn't have a sense of humor. I'm so tired of that group of women—the ones who think that any man who's interested in sex is a perverted dog. If they don't want people hung up as pieces of meat, why don't they go after the Pentagon? It deals with people as pieces of meat regularly. As a matter of fact, most of the morals presented in Walt Disney films are more dishonest than what I see in HUSTLER. Actually, I think it's wonderful to show pretty twats in a magazine. I think women's bodies are beautiful. And who does it more artistically than HUSTLER?

**HUSTLER:** Then you like HUSTLER?

**McILVENNA:** I've said many times that if HUSTLER didn't exist, it would be important for the health of our society to create it. No one has to read HUSTLER. It's not doing anything to anyone except pricking his conscience. It's possible to enjoy something without necessarily agreeing with it.

I think HUSTLER is politically important just because it's there with the freedom to show and say what it does. Ultimately *we* have to safeguard our freedoms, and if inroads can be made in the field of sex, precedents to all freedoms can be set. That's where this whole conspiracy issue is: If they can get conspiracy convictions on sex issues, they can get conspiracy convictions on anything.

**HUSTLER:** That was a psychopolitical answer. But how do you view HUSTLER from your standpoint as a clergyman?

**McILVENNA:** I think the Spirit of the Lord may have been in HUSTLER before Larry Flynt consciously tried to put it there. I think when you try to guide the Spirit, you get mixed up sometimes. I would rather see the Spirit of the Lord guide Larry rather than Larry guide the Spirit of the Lord. There's a subtle difference, but it's very real. God save us from all those people who are righteously saved who then think that God sits on their shoulder. I happen to be an old-line fundamentalist: I believe we're saved by grace. It's just a matter of understanding that we are.

In addition, forgiveness is continuous. It doesn't depend upon your state of righteousness. But I'll tell you something else. One of my clients told me that looking at HUSTLER helped her more than the marriage counselor she was seeing. You see, I believe the Spirit of the Lord moves where it will, and my job as a missionary is to identify it where I find it. And I perceive God at the place where people are being set free. That's why I perceive God in HUSTLER.

**HUSTLER:** Will sexual freedom be attained in this country if there's finally a free flow of information about sex?

**McILVENNA:** That's part of the answer, certainly. We've known for years that almost all sex problems have been directly related to either a lack of information or else a religiously reinforced sex-negative attitude. Yet we go right on dealing with old ideas of "sickness" rather than using new educational models. For this reason it's important that people have available to them a whole range of sexual materials which turn them on and interest them. That includes HUSTLER or "how-to" books.

**HUSTLER:** But isn't there now a movement to restrict the flow of sexual information imparted by HUSTLER and other magazines?

**McILVENNA:** What is happening in society today is a last-ditch effort, a backlash that does bode danger. You cannot base the majority rule on the sex life of the individual. Yet we are allowing judges, preachers, representatives of the people, psychiatrists, sexologists and marriage counselors to take away the right of the individual to express his sexuality. We have as much right to *feel* as we do as we have the right to *believe* as we do. We have as much right to pleasure as we do to pain and hard work. One interesting thing is that sometimes HUSTLER and the other men's magazines on the newsstands know an awful



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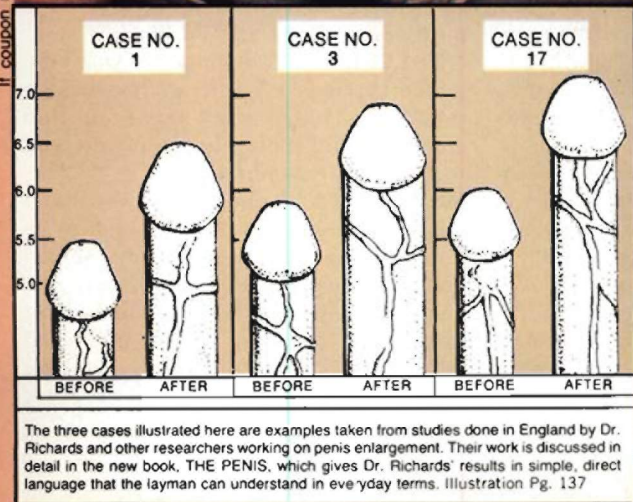
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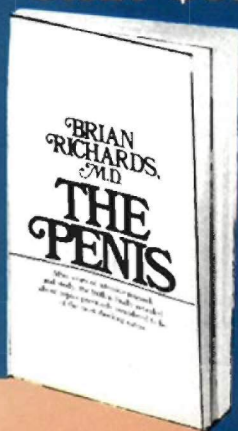
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lot more than the professionals do.

**HUSTLER:** People such as Anita Bryant maintain that pornography leads to sexual permissiveness and that sexual permissiveness is destroying the institution of the family unit in this country. How do you feel about that?

**McILVENNA:** Sure, the family unit is changing, but it's not falling apart. In fact, family structures—whether they be communal, extended or traditional—are stronger than ever before. You know why? Because we're in an age in which we communicate better. I love my video-cassette machine; I enjoy the telephone; I can talk to anybody around the world, and that means I communicate much better with my family and friends. I can get on an airplane and be down here talking to you today.

Of course, Anita Bryant is an obscene act in herself, and nearly everything she does is obscene. First of all, theologically she's an idiot. If she's going to follow the Bible, then we shouldn't eat with her when she menstruates; we should clean everything ritually, and the only way to be cleansed is to kill a ram. Then the ASPCA would get me! In the ridiculousness of her so-called literal interpretation of the Bible she's an abomination to many of us who are theologians. And I'd say that Bryant's success is in direct proportion to the lack of responsibility of the liberal church establishment. One of the problems of the church is that it does things in a half-assed manner or it doesn't do them at all.

**HUSTLER:** You described Anita Bryant's actions as obscene. What else do you find obscene?

**McILVENNA:** Doing something to someone against their will that's irreparable, whether it's sexual, physical, mental or emotional. For instance, I usually testify for the defense in film obscenity cases, but I saw a movie in Morocco once that I would have gladly helped to prosecute. It showed a crippled boy with straps around his arms tied to two horses. The horses were driven to dislocate his shoulders, and while the child's body was writhing and jerking, several guys stood over him and masturbated. That's obscene. But talking about it, or simulating it, is something else.

I think that people need to know about obscenities and how they exist in the world. I don't think we've come to grips with violence very efficiently in our society. On television we see a lot of violence that's not very real. On the other hand, **HUSTLER** tends to deal with violence that's quite real. And that's an embarrassment to people. Big gaping wounds are a little different from some-

body going "Bang, you're dead!" People don't die that way. As a minister, I've watched people die; it's a difficult thing, and it doesn't happen like it does on television or in the movies.

**HUSTLER:** Larry Flynt has said that murder is a crime, but writing about it isn't; sex is not a crime, but writing about it is. Why is there such a mix-up in our values?

**McILVENNA:** For reasons of control we have been led to believe that innocence about sex is a virtuous quality. It's assumed that a person who's really interested in sex must be a pervert or a libertine. It's this type of attitude that allows someone to hide **HUSTLER** between the pages of a newspaper, the front page of which presents rapes, murders, arrests and whatnot, as if to say that it's all right to know every bad thing, but it's not all right to know about sex. Everyone is always justifying their interest in sex. I think sex is the greatest thing two people can do together. Sex is the greatest thing a person can have control over in his or her own life.

**HUSTLER:** But how do we get out of this mess? How do we gain that control over our sexual lives?

**McILVENNA:** Through information. I believe in public education, not merely education for the rich and privileged. You never hear of wealthy types or heroes of the entertainment world or "the beautiful people" being restricted from any sexual information they might want. It's the economically marginal people who don't have that right, and that is illegal. We as researchers have a responsibility to institutionalize the field of sexology. It's obligatory for us to know everything possible in the sex area and then to get that information to everyone. We know from every scientific study available, from every piece of data, that the people who know the most about their sexuality and the sexuality of others manage their own sexuality better than those who aren't as well-informed. It's time we all accepted the fact that sexual information is not the prerogative of the special few.

**HUSTLER:** It's obvious you won't be remembered as a hellfire-and-brimstone preacher—God knows there are too many around now—but how do you want to be remembered?

**McILVENNA:** Nobody has ever asked me that question. I guess I'd like to be remembered as someone who helped people understand themselves sexually, one who helped people feel good about sex. Other than that I'm not interested in being remembered. Actually, you get a lot more done in this world if you don't care who gets the credit.



# KINKY KORNER

by Barry Ramsey

I recently spent 21 months as an inmate at a medium-security institution, where you only see women on television or in the visiting room—a long corridor split down the middle by a waist-high divider. On each side are wooden stools and a narrow tabletop to rest your arms on. If your visitor is a woman, you're allowed one brief hug and kiss at the start and finish of the visit. The most you can do is cop a quick feel of your old lady's tits during the hug, and by doing that you're taking a chance on going to the "hole" if the guard spots you.

After 21 months of that bullshit my case was reviewed, and I was sent to a minimum-security institution, or "honor camp." It was there that I had an experience that HUSTLER readers might be interested in hearing about.

This honor camp had no towers and no walls, and there were plenty of women—caseworkers, secretaries, even guards. Only a few of them were pretty, but to me they all looked great. Because I had gotten my high-school-equivalency certificate and had gone on to get 12 credit hours through a college program at the medium-security prison, I was assigned to the library as a clerk.

On my first morning I showed up in the library at 8 o'clock. When I saw the librarian, I nearly creamed my jeans! She had shoulder-length blond hair and blue eyes the color of robin's eggs. I didn't know what to say to her; all I could do was move my lips as if I were a goldfish. She asked me my name, how old I was, what I'd been charged with and how much time I had left to do.

Soon, though, I got over the shock of her presence and continued the conversation. She told me her name (I'll call her Jackie) and related that she was in her early 30s, had been married and divorced twice and had three kids.

*Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



## JAILHOUSE ROCKS

She told me to take a look around and get familiar with the placement of the books. After checking the place out, I returned to her desk and sat down. I complimented her on how neat and orderly everything was. I told her that I was a quick learner and would be in the swing of things before she knew it.

Jackie started telling me about a lot of stuff, but I wasn't paying any attention to it. As the morning hours passed, I was interested only in what she was sitting on and concentrating on a way to get

into her pants. I studied her from head to toe. She had the face of a cheerleader and the legs of a tennis player. I had a hard time believing she was as old as she said she was.

Her breasts were large, firm and unrestrained by a bra, and her nipples showed through the nylon material of her blouse. When she crossed her legs, her skirt rode high on her tanned thighs.

Suddenly her voice changed, and I could tell she had just asked me a question. But I didn't have any idea what it was.

"Beg your pardon?" I asked.

"How long did you say it's been since you were on the street?" The smile was back on her face.

"Twenty-four months total. I spent three months in jail before going to prison."

"That's pretty obvious, the way you've been staring at me," she said. As I blushed and tried to find the right words to apologize, she added, "Hey, it's OK. I can imagine how you feel. I'd hate to go a *week* without sex, let alone two years!"

The conversation's turn to sex had aroused me, and despite my efforts to keep cool, my dick started getting hard. She noticed it and asked, "Tell me, what do you do to . . . I mean, how do you manage to relieve yourself sexually?"

I wondered what she was trying to do to me. I started to tell her about the time I

paid two packs of cigarettes for a blow job from some punk. He was a young, skinny guy with only about half his teeth, and he came in to my cell just before lock-up, bent over and sucked me off real quick. It was no big deal, nothing to write home about. But then, smiling at the thought of her probable reaction, I decided against telling her that. Instead I explained that I'd take a pinup into the shower and jack off.

She smiled and glanced at the bulge in my crotch. "That's a real shame," she



said in a sympathetic voice. She looked up at the clock and noticed it was nearly lunchtime. She explained that although she usually left the complex to eat lunch, she wasn't going to do so that day because she wasn't hungry.

I told her I wasn't too hungry either.

The gleam in her eye said she approved of my answer. She got up and went around the tables, saying, "The library closes in five minutes, fellows." One by one the inmates returned their books to the shelves and started leaving.

After the last one had gone, Jackie went to the door and secured the bolt. I locked the other door to the supply room. When I returned to her, she was sitting in a chair with a sensuous grin on her face. Her blouse lay on the floor beside her. She raised her left leg in my direction and asked me to give her a hand.

I knelt in front of her like a shoe salesman and gave her boots quick but gentle tugs. Kissing each foot, I looked up and watched her nipples pop out like buttons. She stood up and dropped her skirt. Her panties were black with red trimming. Then she peeled them off.

When I stood up, Jackie unbuttoned my shirt. At the same time she kissed me, darting her tongue between my lips,

meeting my tongue, flicking it lightly. After she finished with the buttons, she pulled the shirt back over my shoulders and let it fall to the floor. She dropped to her knees and unbuckled my belt. I slipped my shoes off and kicked them aside. Next she unzipped my fly and tugged my pants to my knees, causing my hard-on to press out against my shorts and make them look like a tent turned sideways. When Jackie whipped them down, my cock shot up like a jack-in-the-box and bobbed before her eyes.

"Yum!" she said just before slipping her lips around the head and pushing them toward the hilt. Almost instantly my knees weakened. My whole body trembled, and I had to brace myself on her shoulders to keep from falling. Her head was moving like a piston now, her lips greasing my cock. She grabbed my ass to plunge me deeper into her. Finally, she pressed her face against my crotch, swallowing my cock whole. When I exploded in her throat, it felt like an atomic blast.

Jackie let my cock drop from her lips, stringing a little thread of saliva mixed with cum. She kissed my balls and then got up to sit in her chair. She looked up at me with this incredible lust in her

eyes, spread her luscious thighs and asked, "Have you ever eaten cunt?"

I jumped out of my fallen pants and underwear and sank to my knees. Her hot, moist bush smelled sweet as I sank my face into it. I ran my tongue slowly over the outer lips. I put my hands under her soft but firm ass, sliding my thumbs to either side of my active tongue. Gently I opened her sweet cunt and probed it. Her moans sent shivers up my spine. I pushed my face deeper and started fucking her with my tongue.

When she began to get juicy, I slipped my fingers into her pussy and moved my tongue to her clit, flicking and fluttering it. Jackie went wild and pulled my hair, forcing my face harder between her thighs. Her orgasm was as hard as mine had been.

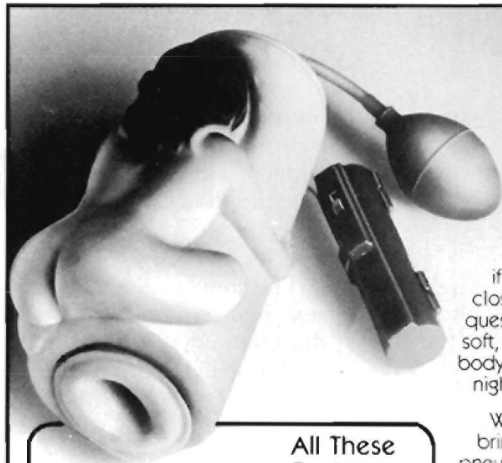
After her moaning stopped, I looked up at the clock. Shit! Lunchtime was nearly over. Jackie's eyes were still closed and a contented smile rested on her face as she sprawled in her chair with her legs draped over my back. "We've only got about 15 minutes left," I told her.

She opened her eyes and took her legs off my shoulders, got up and went over to clean off her desk. "Let's finish what we started, then."

She bent over her desk, propping herself up with extended arms and wiggling those buns at me. They were creamy-white against the tan of her legs and back. I stepped behind her and grabbed her thighs. Slowly I entered her pussy doggy-style and reached my hands under her to cup her tits and rub her erect nipples. I stroked in a leisurely, circular motion, and each time my hips came around she backed closer to me, taking my cock deeper into her. We moved together like a synchronized piece of machinery until we both reached shuddering climaxes.

We dressed quickly, and Jackie sprayed air-freshener around the room. There's nothing like the smell of good sex, but not in a prison library. While she combed her hair, I kissed her and told her she was fantastic.

I had a good friend and lover from then on. We spent every weekday "studying" through lunch hour in the library, until one day I got busted for having reefer and was returned to the medium-security facility, where I now sit writing this. The memories are wonderful, and they'll hold me for the remaining time here. Five more months and I'll be out. But this time I plan to indulge in only one crime—eating pussy! Too bad it's against the law, but that's another story.



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## DIAMOND HEIST

(continued from page 52)

U.S. ships.

At first, Nixon said he had no problem with the new bill. As it wound its way through Congress, however, Nixon's support turned lukewarm and then ice-cold. He finally announced that he would veto the measure if it passed Congress. (Eventually the law was passed by Congress. But on December 30, 1974, at the strong urging of Nixon holdovers such as General Alexander Haig, President Ford vetoed the bill.)

What interested the Senate Watergate Committee and then the Watergate Special Prosecution Force were stories that a great deal of money had changed hands to ensure the Nixon Administration's cooperation in protecting foreign shippers. The source of money was said to have been those same European shipowners who—without Nixon's help—stood to lose hundreds of millions of dollars annually.

Like the jewelry issue, this too is a story without an ending. That's because the investigation begun by the Senate Watergate Committee, and later picked up by the Special Prosecutor's Office, also ended the very day Richard M. Nixon was granted a blanket pardon. Before that pardon the Prosecutor's Office had already managed to trace one \$20,000 gift to the 1972 Nixon re-election campaign.

Senate investigators had learned that Leo Berger, owner of the Avon Steamship Company of Lake Success, New York, had given \$20,000 in cash to Federal Maritime Commission Chairman Helen Bentley. She in turn had passed the money on to her boss, Maurice Stans (former finance chairman of the Committee to Re-Elect the President—CREEP), who in turn supposedly passed the money along to the Nixon campaign organization. However, the investigators were having difficulty tracing the \$20,000 and finding if it ever actually reached the Nixon campaign. That investigation came to an abrupt end when the committee was disbanded.

This was another of the files turned over to the Special Prosecutor's Office, which began to follow up the Senate committee's work. The Special Prosecutor's staff was able to prove that the money did not come from Berger or from Avon, but actually came from Angelos Maroulis, who owned Allied Shipping International of Athens, Greece. Eventually Berger admitted that the \$20,000 had come from the Greek. He said that it was, in fact, "a loan" and that he had repaid it with interest.

Some investigators still believe that Nixon had or has a Swiss bank account and that much of the proceeds in this account came from European shipping interests. Before the pardon killed their investigation, it was never formally proven that such a bank account existed. But, at the time of the pardon, the prosecutors had identified a U.S. ambassador and old friend of Nixon who they very much wanted to question about the subject.

On May 5, 1969, Nixon had appointed Kingdon Gould, Jr., a wealthy banker, as U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg. Then, in 1973, Gould was nominated for the post of Ambassador to the Netherlands. During hearings on ambassadorial appointments conducted by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Gould was asked how much money he had given to the Nixon campaign. He testified that he had donated \$51,000 to the 1972 campaign, but he failed to mention that he had tossed in another \$50,000 in his wife's name. He had also given substantial amounts to Nixon in 1968 and to other major GOP Senate candidates in the fall of 1970.

Jaworski requested that the White House forward all documents in its possession concerning the awarding of ambassadorial posts to major contributors. At the time of Nixon's resignation the White House was resisting Jaworski's request. Some preliminary discussions were held between the Special Prosecutor's staff and Ambassador Gould, but they were only in the early stages of investigation when the pardon closed that file too.

Gould remains a mystery figure, possibly holding answers to the questions of the selling of ambassadorships, the disappearance of campaign contributions and even the mysterious Swiss bank account. At the time of Nixon's pardon many of the Special Prosecutor's staff were sure Gould was the key. They were after his records in Europe and any proof of his meetings in Europe with Edward Sullivan, Pat Nixon's jewelry-toting cousin.

Another line of investigation, which had been followed to the point where evidence was ready for a grand jury, concerned new obstruction-of-justice charges against Nixon. These related to the materials provided by Nixon and the White House to the Senate Watergate Committee and the Special Prosecutor's Office.

Nixon's lawyers had made a deal with Sam Ervin that certified transcripts of certain tapes would be provided instead of the actual tapes themselves. This

(continued on page 107)



# Honey

WHEN IT COMES TO MEN, SOMETIMES EVEN HONEY HAS HER DRY SPELLS...

HMM, MAYBE "THE MATING GAME" IS WORTH A TRY.

THEN, NOT EVEN THOSE OLD STANDBYS, A 9-INCH VIBRATOR AND A 17-INCH SONY, CAN HELP MUCH.

TEXT: BRUCE NETHERCUT  
ART: BRIAN FORBES

TO GET ON THE SHOW, HONEY OVERCOMES STIFF COMPETITION. THE FINAL HURDLE IS AN IN-DEPTH AUDITION BEFORE THE CAMERAS WITH HOST JIM BANG!

YOU KNOW... YOU HAVE... A... GREAT... PERSONALITY.

ANYTHING FOR SHOW BIZ !!

HONEY PASSES WITH FLYING COLORS (MOSTLY PINK) AND RETURNS TO DO THE SHOW. IT ISN'T QUITE WHAT SHE'D EXPECTED.

BUT HONEY INSISTS ON STEERING HER OWN COURSE!

HERE ARE YOUR QUESTIONS. BACHELOR #1 IS MY COUSIN. YOUR DREAM DATE IS IN TAHITI! FOLLOW?

OK, BACHELORS. IF SEX DIDN'T EXIST, WHAT WOULD YOU DO ON SATURDAY NIGHT?

BEATS ME! HAR! HAR!

UH... COULD YOU REPEAT THE QUESTION?

WATCH LAWRENCE WELK.

WHAT A BUNCH OF PIN-HEADS! WE'LL TRY AGAIN.

TELL ME, GUYS, WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING A WOMAN CAN DO FOR YOU?

LICK MY UNDERPANTS! HAR! HAR!

COME AGAIN?

BE MY FRIEND.



BEFORE SHE KNOWS IT, HER TIME IS UP AND HONEY MUST CHOOSE HER MAN. IT ISN'T EASY!

WHAT A ZOO!  
#1 SOUNDS LIKE A WALKING HARD-ON!  
#2 IS A KINDERGARTEN DROPOUT. AT LEAST #3 HAS A SEXY VOICE. I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT HIM.

STUPID BITCH!

TOUGH LUCK!  
YOU DIDN'T CHOOSE BACHELOR #1. HE'S A HANG-GLIDING ACE AND AN OLYMPIC SKIER WHO ENJOYS FRENCH WINE, BACKGAMMON AND WORKING ON HIS FERRARIS! MEET BIFF BANG!!

YOU ALSO DIDN'T CHOOSE BACHELOR #2, A MALE MODEL WHO DIGS ROPIN', RIDIN' AND RAPIN'! MEET CLEM CHOWDER!!

HAPPY TRAILS, HONEY, BUNS.

THEY ALL SOUND WONDERFUL BUT I'LL TAKE #3!

WOW! WHO'S LEFT? ROBERT REDFORD? JOHN TRAVOLTA?

AND NOW THE BIG MOMENT!  
BACHELOR #3 IS A FERTILIZER SALESMAN, A PING PONG CHAMPION, AND HE WAS VOTED MR. SWELL GUY BY HIS LOCAL ROTARY! HERE IS YOUR DREAM DATE, HUBERT PHILPOT!!

CUTE AIN'T HE? WHO DO I FUCK TO GET OUT OF THIS?

IT TAKES HONEY ONLY A SECOND OR TWO TO REALIZE HER MISTAKE—AND FOR HUBERT TO FAINT FROM EXCITEMENT!

AND YOU LUCKY KIDS ARE GOING TO TAHITI FOR A WEEK!

TRIPS TO TAHITI DON'T COME EASY, SO HONEY GOES ALONG FOR THE RIDE. AT LEAST SHE'LL HAVE "THE MATING GAME" CHAPERONE, A SCHOOL-TEACHER, FOR COMPANY!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN EASY TIME THIS TRIP!

SHOW SOME CONFIDENCE, KID. YOU CAN LOOSEN HIM UP!



TWELVE HOURS LATER THE THREESOME ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL KONALINGA.

HERE WE ARE, THERE ARE WATER BEDS AND X-RATED VIDEOTAPES IN BOTH COTTAGES!

I'LL JUST DROP OFF MY STUFF AND LEAVE YOU TWO KIDS TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED! YOU DON'T WANT AN OLD FUDDY-DUDDY LIKE ME AROUND!

HONEY PLAYS CAPTIVE AUDIENCE TO HUBERT'S LIFE STORY...

OH, GIVE ME PATIENCE!

WHEN I GOT OUT OF THE NAVY, I DISCOVERED MY REAL CALLING WAS SALES... AND WHAT BETTER PRODUCT IS THERE THAN... ER, MANURE? I STOCK 16 LINES OF MERCHANDISE... PLENTY OF DEMAND... NO SHORTAGES.

HONEY TRIES NOT TO THINK ABOUT SEX, BUT THERE ARE IRRITATING REMINDERS EVERYWHERE!

HONEY TURNS IN EARLY... TOO EARLY, IT SEEMS!

MISS HORNSBY, IS THAT YOU?

YES! MUANAKWIKI IS JUST PERFORMING THE TRADITIONAL WEL-COMING RITUAL. IT'S CALLED "LEI-ING" THE VISITOR!!

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?! THE NATIVE BOYS ARE SHOWING ME THEIR CLAM-DIVING TECHNIQUES!!

I THOUGHT YOU ONLY FOUND CLAMS IN WATER.

A NICE GUY, BUT AWFULLY SLOW!

AFTER FIVE DAYS OF NO SEX, THE TORRID TROPICS BEGIN GETTING TO HONEY... EVEN HUBERT IS STARTING TO LOOK CUTE! HONEY FINALLY TAKES MATTERS INTO HER OWN HANDS!

THIS GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS, HUBERT?

H-HUH, WHAT FOR?

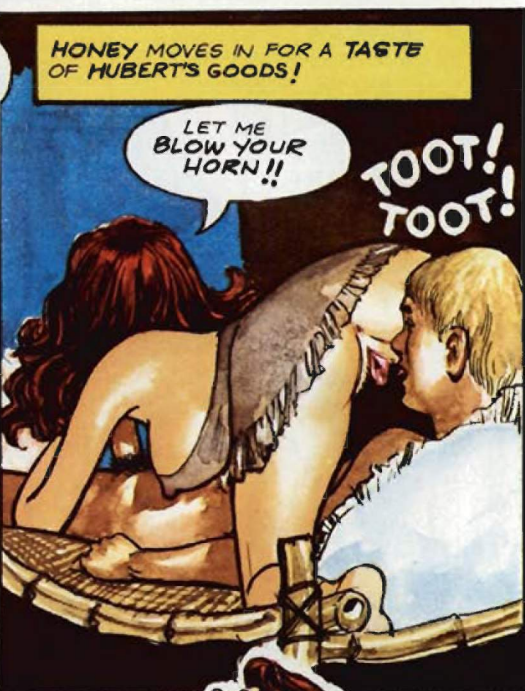
THAT NIGHT AT 7:30, BEFORE HUBERT CAN GO TO SLEEP...

H-H-HELLO... THERE... SIT DOWN PLEASE!

I CAME OVER TO TALK BUSINESS. I WON'T LEAVE TILL I LOOK OVER YOUR MERCHANDISE!

NATIONAL ENQUIRER  
MISS LILLIAN GETS FACE LIFT







## DIAMOND HEIST

(continued from page 102)

would be considered the "best evidence," and Nixon had persuaded a longtime friend, Senator John Stennis (Democrat-Mississippi), to certify that the transcripts were accurate renderings of the conversations.

Much has been written about the 18-minute, 15-second deletion by Rose Mary Woods on one of the tapes. But many other tapes obtained from the White House were found to contain significant gaps or segments where background noise had apparently been recorded over portions of conversations to make them inaudible. In each and every case the material deleted or hidden was extremely damaging to Nixon. (One example: The nearly forgotten 59-second gap in a tape given to the Special Prosecutor's Office, which contained Nixon's dictated recollections of the key conversation of March 21, 1973, between John Dean and himself—the famous "cancer on the Presidency" discussion.)

When the transcripts of the tapes were compared to the actual recordings, the results were even more startling. Hundreds of instances were found in which there were more deletions or supposed "inaudible portions," which were in reality clearly audible and damaging to Nixon. Jaworski's staff knew that this could not be blamed on Nixon's over-zealous staff.

At the time of the pardon the Special Prosecutor had begun to form a new case to be presented to a grand jury. Nixon and those around him would be charged with obstruction of justice and interfering deliberately with a congressional investigation. Those on the Special Prosecutor's staff working up the case were sure of a charge and a conviction. Then Gerald Ford issued the infamous pardon.

Some people feel that Ford's genuine belief was that the country needed relief and that the trial of Richard Nixon would have been more than America could bear. Others believe it was a deal, a payoff for the gift of the number-two spot, which led to his presidency. In either event, the loser was the American public. By granting Nixon total freedom from further inquiry, Ford condemned our country to doubt and confusion.

## MIDEAST MISSION

(continued from page 88)

tile" countries to enter Jerusalem via Jordan every year, but I let the topic

drop. If a worldly Saudi like Nazar felt that way, I could just imagine what the feeling was among the ultrareligious fanatics of Saudi Arabia.

After smoking some hash, Nazar and I headed for the party. It was held in a luxurious neighborhood called Zamalek—an island in the center of the Nile.

The huge apartment was filled with energy. I was told there'd be some Egyptian bankers present, and they were easy to pick out: fortyish men with strong faces and expensive three-piece suits. The rest of the all-male gathering were Saudis, dressed—according to temperament—in djellaba gowns or Western clothes. One young Saudi wore an impeccably tailored pinstripe jacket over his gown. He had brought a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label as a gift. (Scotch sells for \$1,000 a case in Saudi Arabia, where alcoholic beverages are proscribed.)

Not exactly devout Moslems, these boys guzzled three bottles of scotch over the course of the evening. Nor were the Egyptian bankers like any financiers I've ever known. For hours they smoked hash from a hookah, which one of them kept heating in a small stove. I had to like the Arabs. Any race capable of producing hash-smoking bankers can't be all bad.

The hash didn't affect the animation

of the conversation, which was mostly in Arabic and seemed very intense. Arabs are great hosts, and they continually asked about my "happiness," filled my glass and brought me food.

I followed the conversation through key translations. A portly, middle-aged Saudi, who kept fingering worry beads, asked one of the bankers about the Palestinians. Who should bear the responsibility for them? The banker tactfully suggested that the Palestinian issue was of greatest interest to the Saudi and Syrian governments.

The man then turned to me. "What are *your* feelings toward the Jews and the Mideast situation?" Stoned, I answered without editing my thoughts: "My oldest friend is a Jew, but he married a Lebanese woman. The United States feels that if an agreement is reached between Egypt and Israel, then *eventually* the rest of the Arab world will follow."

As this was being translated, I sat wondering if my balls were going to wind up strung on the guy's worry beads. I remembered (a bit late) that the Saudis are a notoriously volatile people. But it went down without incident, and at that point the guest of honor appeared, wearing Ivy League clothes and speaking English with a British accent.

Later in the evening the prince asked me for "some tales of New York."

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Among other things, I told him and the other guests about the public swingers' clubs, where couples fuck communally.

"Incredible," the prince said.

"Incredible," the rest of the room echoed.

"Incredible it is," I agreed.

## ISRAEL

In November 1977 it took Egyptian President Anwar Sadat about 45 minutes to fly from Cairo to Israel. It took me 13 hours via Athens, Greece.

Still heavily back-ordered in the sleep department, I signed the register at the Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv. During the cab ride into town I noticed some unmistakable and very foxy hooker types in the streets. This, in combination with a rush of "arrival adrenaline" and a cold shower, got me down to the hotel bar. I had two quick pops of scotch and then hit the road.

The hotel was on Hayarkon Street, which runs parallel with the Mediterranean coast and is a sort of miniature, low-key Times Square. The area is studded with discos, hooker bars and streetwalkers. Not only are there numerous hookers in Tel Aviv, but many of them are attractive and will go with you for the equivalent of \$6 or \$7 — about 100 liroth. I resisted the first several propositions, but on a side street I encountered a young blonde who was irresistible. After sizing me up, she said in English, "Do you want to go with me? It costs a hundred."

"Sure."

She led me down a dark alley, and I tagged along, thinking that we were going down to her room. She stopped in a rock-strewn alcove in the alley, reached into my pants and asked for the hundred liroth. There was some serious heavy breathing coming from a few yards away.

"Here? I thought we were going to a room."

"No-o-o! We fuck here," she said, trying to slip a rubber on me.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I made out the form of another citizen pumping away at a girl leaning against the wall. What I couldn't adjust to was the idea of fucking this chick doubled over in an alley—horniness notwithstanding. I gave her the hundred and told her to forget about it. But being an honorable working girl, she dropped her pants, bent over and exhorted me to plunge in. No way. She shrugged, pulled up her pants and headed back out to the street, where she was immediately accosted by a man in a business suit.

They exchanged some words in Hebrew, he paid her and down went

their pants shortly after. Figuring I had paid for the right to hang around, I lit a cigarette and watched. Three couples were going at it now—two of the men wore suits, with their pants bunched at the ankles—yet no one seemed particularly self-conscious about this group schtupp. Israel is a communal country.

I must have been taking in this fantastic scene for ten minutes when a hooker came running back, snapping out something in Hebrew. Up went everyone's pants, the men muttered oaths, and the entire crew dispersed. Out on the street a paddy wagon was cruising slowly. I walked past it, back to the hotel, wondering if I had hallucinated the entire scene.

Israel is generally considered by Westerners to be a modern, affluent country. Actually it is very poor, heavily taxed and suffers from galloping inflation. With the average income at between \$80 and \$100 a week, most men hold two jobs in order to get by. For example, Joseph, a newly made acquaintance, runs a local Avis agency by day and manages a disco at night. (Unlike Egypt, rental cars are available in Israel. However, they're not cheap: A compact with mileage costs \$40 a day.)

The next day I pointed my rented Subaru north and drove up the Tel Aviv-Haifa highway. Halfway to Haifa I turned off and drove east toward the Sea of Galilee and the Golan Heights. It quickly became apparent to me why the economy is in such rough shape. The entire country is an armed camp. *Everywhere* there are soldiers in jeeps, lorries (trucks) and on foot—hitchhiking to and from their bases. With the exception of recent immigrants and certain religious sects, everyone is subject to military service. The army keeps track of a man from age 18 to the grave. Enlisted men serve three years and are then required to devote one month a year to reserve training.

The women's role in the army is grounds for another major misconception about Israel. Women, like men, are conscripted at 18. But they are only given token firearms training, and their work is mostly relegated to secretarial tasks. They are automatically excluded from such job classifications as truck driver, helicopter pilot and mechanic. In Israel—as in Egypt—it's the men who run the show.

## GETTING LAID IN TEL AVIV

That evening, when I was loading up at the bar in the Dan, an oil rigger from Texas suddenly "rode in" and sat down

(continued on page 115)



# MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Jim Dawson

*Suckers, as they say, are born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Besides bitching to us about your mail-order burns, write your better-business bureau or Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.*

## HAVE BAG, WILL TRAVEL

If you're interested in enemas and spanking, you might want to write to Roxbury Press (P.O. Box 8421, Van Nuys, California 91409) for a catalog. Roxbury publishes pictorial magazines (*Water & Power*, *Fetish Films Quarterly*) and newsletters (*Enema Hotline*, *Bottom Line*). The material is soggy enough to please any enema freak, although the spanking parts are usually underplayed. However, if you don't get your kicks by seeing a stiff nozzle poking someone in their brown-eye, these mags are not your bag.

Roxbury's sister company, *Regal Aid Society* (17620 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, California 91406), specializes in fetish films and video cassettes. We previewed two recent releases—*Pigtail Lovers* (G-109) and *Pigtail Enema* (F-631). Both films come in Super 8mm color and are priced at \$25 each. As the subject matter was supposedly somewhat specialized, we showed the flicks to Michael Stott, HUSTLER's Senior Editor and a notorious sadist and enema freak who boasts of having cured more constipated cooze than most proctologists come across in a lifetime. His snores shook the building, and we had to rouse him by whipping on a commercial for Preparation H.

Get this: In *Pigtail Lovers* two phony teenagers in their mid-20s called Pam and Nancy rub suntan oil on each other's tits. That's the long and short of it—a nonhorny introduction that leads nowhere. *Pigtail Enema* stars the same two placebo nymphs; the main action at the beginning of the film highlights Nancy as she experiences stomach cramps and grimaces amateurishly at the camera.

Finally, Pam comes to the rescue by sticking a nozzle up Nancy's dirt road to flush her bowels, and Nancy runs into a bed of flowers to squat. Again we're treated to Nancy's facial expressions as she relieves herself. Without slighting her acting skills, let us simply say that she makes a rubber love doll look like Barbra Streisand. Neither of these films from Regal Aid Society is worth the price of a bottle of Milk of Magnesia.

## NOTHING FOR NOTHING

Several months ago I saw a "clearance" ad that said: SEND US \$3 AND WE'LL SEND

YOU \$50 WORTH OF ADULT MAGAZINES. I sent in my \$3 and received a boxful of *National Nudist* mags filled with volleyball players with airbrushed genitals, as well as a few British cheesecake mags from the '50s featuring black-and-white shots of girls wearing too much lipstick and lifting their skirts in Piccadilly Circus.

Well, sir, \$3 ain't really much, and that's what I got—not much.

—B. H. Lubbock, Texas

*When will you people get it through your heads that no businessman is going to give you something for nothing. The liquidation sale/inventory clearance is an old trick. A dealer buys up some old thigh-flash material that's been collecting dust in a New York warehouse for ten years and turns it into a gold mine by advertising it falsely as hard-core stuff—"every conceivable sex act right before your eyes," etc. First he rakes in a big profit on this junk—which he bought by the crate for a few bucks—and then he cleans up by selling your name and address (together with those of other suckers) to a company that markets mailing lists. Suddenly, every crank outfit in America and Scandinavia is flooding your home with ads for cheap loops, fuckbooks and placebo Spanish fly.*

*So get smart—avoid these so-called liquidation and clearance sales!*

## MAN FUCKED BY LOVE DOLL

I ordered love dolls from several mail-order houses but never received anything worth a shit. Once I got a big balloon with a girl's picture printed on it. Another time I received a photo of a doll. And one shifty dealer sent me a picture of a girl and a cheap vibrator—his way, I guess, of telling me to go fuck myself.

Finally, I thought I'd found what I was looking for in an ad for *Chris Distributing Company* (P.O. Box 85097, Los Angeles, California 90027). It advertised "solid (not inflated) dolls that are real-lifelike." These dolls, the ad said, were "complete in every detail," "perfectly proportioned," with "open mouth, vagina and anus." Chris carried two models, Ava and Big John (the perfect male companion), and sold them for \$6 apiece or \$10 for both.

So I sent in ten bucks, and guess what? I received two solid dolls that were perfectly proportioned. But the damn things were only two inches high! Worse than that, I had to pay \$13 when the United Parcel package came.

—B. P. Butte, Montana

*Anyone who thinks he can buy two life-size love dolls for \$10 should also order one of our ersatz signs, which Mail-Order Feedback sells for \$7. It reads: RICHARD NIXON WILL BRING US TOGETHER.*

## HOME VIDEO

When I was in New York City recently, I bought a couple of video cassettes, but when I brought them home and put them into my Sony tape machine, the picture was all broken up. The action was too fast, like a Charlie Chaplin movie, and the people sounded like chipmunks. I know I've got the right tape format because my Sony recorder and the tape are both Betamax. What's my problem, and how can I fix it?

—J. A. Stone Ridge, New York

*Your problem seems to be that your video-cassette machine is a Betamax 7200, which Sony took out of production about two years ago. Model 7200 machines use one-hour (Beta-1) tapes, which are becoming obsolete. To compete with the RCA long-playing tape machines, Sony came out with the 8200 model, which can play at both Beta-1 speed and the new two-hour (Beta-2) speed. Unfortunately, Sony's newest line—the 8600 model—plays only Beta-2 tapes. The Beta-2 tape runs at half the speed of the Beta-1, and that's why your Beta-1 machine plays them in fast-action.*

*Any videotape store can transfer your Beta-2 tapes to Beta-1 for about \$15 plus the cost of the new tape. But this can get expensive if you keep buying Beta-2 tapes. Most home-video dealers carry a stock of both Beta-1 and Beta-2 (that's why they ask you what kind of machine you have), but if you order a film that runs more than an hour for your 7200 machine, you'll have to buy two tapes instead of one—again a costly proposition. In the future, Beta-1 tapes will become as quaint as 78-rpm records, so you'll someday have to buy a new recorder/player anyway. Don't invest too much money in Beta-1 tapes.*

I'm in the market for some home-video cassettes. How much should I expect to pay for my porn?

—K. M. Belpre, Ohio

*Reputable dealers such as Leisure Time Products and International Home Video Club are offering full-length porn-film classics, including Deep Throat and Behind the Green Door, as well as popular features like Candy Strippers, for about \$99 apiece. The price per tape goes down if you buy several. Your local dealer should be able to give you similar prices.*

*Naturally, shorter films cost less. The general practice is for distributors to put about three flicks on a tape. An example of good-quality films for a reasonable price is the Swedish Erotica series, which presently consists of four tapes. Each runs about 30 minutes and includes three hot-action films featuring foxy ladies and John Holmes. Krow Enterprises (P.O. Box 11114, Chicago, Illinois 60611) sells each tape for \$60 apiece in both Beta and VHS formats, so take it from there as to what you think you should be paying for porn video tapes.*



# MAIL-ORDER MANIA

Adult films  
"hard" to get?

Why  
get the bird  
when there's  
Krow?



8mm and super 8mm color films from \$8.00. We've come a long way since the phony nose and glasses. "Lasse Brauns," "Pretty Girls," "Swedish Erotica" (John Holmes), "Collection" and many others. All films guaranteed to be top quality.

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Write for Details

H-9

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P.O. Box 11114  
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I am 21 years of age or older

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... and at a price less than half what you'd expect!"

It's no secret... the SUCK-U-TRON is a knock-off! The original (with a similar name) was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges \$24.95. But using computer technology, we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling anytime you get in the mood, you need not pay \$24.95, because we charge only **\$9.95**

The SUCK-U-TRON can give you the exotic feeling of an expert blowjob. In fact, it's even better because it has a built-in humming, vibrating action to send you up the wall. You control how fast it sucks and hums... a teasing, toying, drawn out orgy of ecstasy, or a lightning rocket ride to ball blasting release. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till the right girl comes along, you need the SUCK-U-TRON!

**Deluxe SUCK-U-TRON ..... \$9.95**

(Easy to keep clean. Lasts for years.)

Get one for a friend, too. 10% discount when you buy 2 or more.

Reseda Supply, Box 3000, DEPT 182 Reseda, Calif. 91335

Name

Address

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Please send Suck-U-Trons at \$9.95 each. \$

I am ordering 2 or more, so I'm deducting 10% \$

Net amount of order \$

In California, add 6% sales tax \$

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<input type="checkbox"/> DEEP SUSAN - TFD	<input type="checkbox"/> BALLING STEWARDESSES - TFJ	
<input type="checkbox"/> CHINA NOOKIE - TFE	<input type="checkbox"/> BLACK CHERRY - TFX	
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I have enclosed \$ (Add \$65 Post & Hand ex. rate) ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money  
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I hereby represent that I am an adult, being over 21 years of age and in my opinion, the material described herein which I am now ordering, does not go beyond the contemporary standards of my community.

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

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FEEL LIKE A REAL MAN!"

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NOT  
INFLATED!

## LIFE SIZE LOVE DOLL

**SOFT, SILKY  
SKIN WARMS  
TO TOUCH...  
A FIRM BODY  
THAT YIELDS TO  
YOUR GENTLE  
CARESS**



### ANGIE

Introducing Angie, the 5'2" bundle of sex that's ready to love you any time (and any way) you want. Her smooth skin and silky hair, her **soft, sponge like** (not inflated) body and limbs make her so humanlike that when you close your eyes you can make believe she's a genuine girl. You've heard of "Baby Alive". Well, this baby's **really** alive, with all the equipment needed to do things for you that you secretly desire.

### NEW DESIGN, SOLID, NOT INFLATED



Don't confuse Angie with other life size love dolls. She is not inflatable; she can't leak or puncture and go flat. Her soft vinyl skin is filled with resilient foam that will easily support your weight. It gives a little and bounces back... like real flesh. **Angie costs more — but what a difference!** She's the closest thing possible to a real girl, yet she'll always keep your secret because she can be collapsed to hide in your closet.

### SHE TALKS TOO!!!

That's right, Angie is available with a special optional package that lets her talk to you! You'll love her cute young voice as she gently puts you in the mood for what's coming up! And you'll be surprised at what she likes to talk about in the privacy of your room.... tut, tut such naughty words from such an innocent girl!



AND...  
I  
TALK!!

FROM  
ONLY  
**\$39.95**

### DETAILED BREASTS FRENCH & GREEK FEATURES



Angie has arms & legs that look real, firm shoulders that fill out a blouse, perfect 34C breasts with perky nipples that cry out to be tweaked. She has a soft, red-lipped mouth that opens, a **soft, fleshy pubic area** that's complete in every way and 7" deep, a **tight, cuddly ass**, the kind you've seen in those tight pants and always wanted to touch. As if this weren't enough, Angie's soft vinyl skin warms to human touch. She's so real you'll want to eat her.



SHE'LL DO  
ANYTHING AND  
EVERYTHING TO  
PLEASE YOU!

USE ORDER BLANK BELOW  
IF MISSING SEND TO:  
Mail Mart, Inc., Box 44241  
Panorama City, Calif. 91412

**MAIL MART, Dept. CHB 53 Box 44241, Panorama City, Calif. 91412**

Gentlemen: Please rush Angie to me as quickly as you can (as described below).

- ☐ Regular Angie Doll with Three Love Openings ... **\$39.95**
- ☐ Deluxe Angie with Electronically Pulsating Vagina ... **\$49.95**
- ☐ Deluxe Pulsating Angie with Soft Sexy Voice option ... **\$62.95**
- ☐ Pulsating, Talking Angie + Furry Frontal Hair & Sexy Panties **\$72.95**
- Extra Wigs, **\$10 ea.** ☐ Blonde ☐ Black (Angie's reg. hair is brunette.)
- ☐ Special Vac-U-Suc Companion (Sucks Like Crazy!!!), add **\$10**

**TOTAL AMOUNT \$** \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

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- ☐ I'm enclosing an extra \$3.50 for Airmail shipment.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_





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page after page of explicit exciting sexual techniques with answers in words and pictures to achieve a more satisfying sex life. You'll see in out "INTIMATE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL LOVE" over 250 photos of young sensuous couples photographed in actual sexual intercourse. **Now Only \$4.98**

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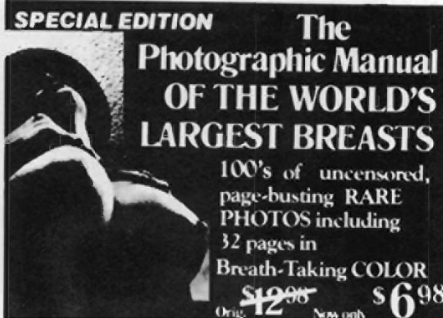
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Save \$\$\$

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These authentic Placebo aphrodisiacs are selling worldwide for twice as much money. We slashed the prices. Why pay more? Buy direct save \$\$\$\$ Turn on to new horizons in sexual pleasures. Join the roster of thousands of happy and sexually satisfied couples. Order now and get in on a more exciting sensual sex life.

**Spanish Fly Powder with sugar**  
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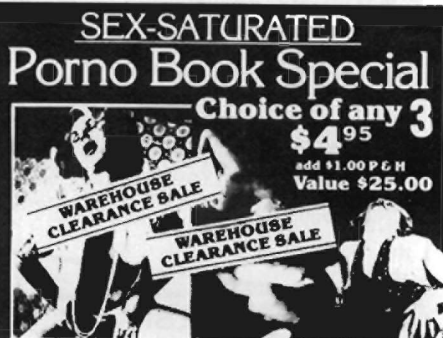
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## MIDEAST MISSION

(continued from page 108)

next to me. He must have been close to seven-feet tall and in most every other way was a Lone Star caricature. He was working on a rig off the Sinai coast, in waters that had once belonged to Egypt. "That son of a bitch pumps 6,000 barrels a day, and I think the Israelis should keep it. What the fuck—they spilt blood for it."

When he found out I worked for HUSTLER, the shit really hit the fan. "HUSTLER?! Why, I paid eight bucks a copy for that magazine under the counter in Scotland! You guys are a bunch of crazy motherfuckers!" This discovery cheered him up so much that he bought the bar a round and then "rode out," telling me to keep up the good work. HUSTLER and many other major men's magazines are sold throughout Israel—several months late.

Once out in the street again, I found a good-looking woman standing sentry outside a dive. Impulsively, I headed for the door.

"I've been waiting for you, love," she said with an English accent.

"Imagine that!" I countered, brushing past her. Inside, a covey of sullen-looking whores sat around in postures of consummate boredom. I ordered a beer and sat down. Two sips later the doorway woman plopped herself down across from me.

"What's the matter? Aren't I your dream girl?" she asked.

"Actually, my dream girl is about half your age."

She laughed, saying, "That's *ghastly*." I immediately decided I wanted to fuck her—but in a bed.

Lisa was a hooker all right, but with three kids by her unemployed saxophone-playing lover, whom she'd been with for 12 years. "We live in the villains' quarter of town. You know—drug dealers and prostitutes."

Meanwhile, the pimpish-looking manager told me I had to buy her a beer—and the price was 100 liroth. I flung the bill at him, and he scampered to retrieve it, mumbling, "OK, OK." However, the rest of the hookers—slender, dykish and viscous—were angry, since there were no other marks in the place, and Lisa had moved in on me. One came over and cursed Lisa out in Hebrew. "I believe she fancies me—we were supposed to have a scene once, but it didn't happen," Lisa said.

Then a dyke came over and, raising her arm, threatened Lisa in English: "If you ever do this again, I will kill you!" Lisa pulled away, and I grabbed the

bitch's arm, which she snatched out of my grasp, staring at me with pure hatred. The manager just shrugged and looked away. Eventually the dyke retreated. I gave Lisa, who was genuinely shaken, a couple of Valiums, which she quickly gobbled. "I'll leave now and meet you in front of the Dan in five minutes," she said.

We sauntered through the lobby of the hotel, her arm entwined in mine, her walk that of a grande dame. Upstairs she showed me a photo of herself as a singer in Tokyo. Apparently, her last son had been born in Tel Aviv, where she and her family had been living for the past year. "I'm Jewish, and my son's a sabra [native-born Israeli], and so I'd like to stay here. But it's difficult. I tried stripping, but that's only worth about \$80 a week." It sounded like a scene out of *Three-Penny Opera*. Lisa was a cliché come true—a tart with a heart. In fact, her pubic patch was shaved into the shape of a heart. She was also fun, and we spent several hours together, talking as much as fucking.

At 2 a.m. she said her infant son was about to wake up—how could you argue with that?—and I gave her my last copy of HUSTLER for her old man. She promised to return in the morning with some hash.

"My old man asked me to thank you for the magazine—he couldn't believe it was so recent," she said the following morning, handing me a finger of hash for \$10—a quantity that would sell for four times that amount back in the States. I checked out of the hotel while Lisa waited at a discreet distance. The cashier joked with me about HUSTLER and asked for a copy.

"I gave my last copy to a lady."

"She must have been very nice," he said, nodding toward Lisa.

"She was," I said.

## TO JERUSALEM

I headed south through the old city of Jaffa toward Eilat, at the southernmost tip of Israel. On the road to Beersheba I picked up a middle-aged Sephardic Israeli. Today Sephardic (Middle Eastern) Jews outnumber their Eastern European counterparts. However, the Europeans hold most positions of power, and there is some rivalry between the two groups. Each even has its own chief rabbi.

Since 1967, Eilat has burgeoned as a resort town, and the poolside atmosphere is a sort of international Grossinger's—Jews from Israel, France, England, South Africa and everywhere else relaxing in the sun. I was so weary from my long trip that when I arrived, I went

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right up to my hotel room.

The following morning I drove north through the Negev Desert to Jerusalem. The Negev is a desolate and wildly beautiful place that inspired me to smoke some hash. A medley of Beach Boys songs came on the radio. Had I been time-warped into Death Valley?

Entering the city from the east, I passed through the Arab quarter. Unlike the faces I had seen in Cairo, the faces in Jerusalem were sullen and devoid of curiosity. A moment's hesitation at the wheel resulted in street-side curses. These were "occupied" people, and PLO slogans were spray-painted on the walls. On the day of my arrival a bomb planted in a flowerpot was discovered on a busy West Jerusalem street—not an unusual event. There are an average of two bomb attacks a week in Jerusalem—some of which are fatal. (Many Arabs work in West Jerusalem and many Israelis shop in East Jerusalem. By and large, this is the only intercourse between Moslems and Jews in the city.)

Within the walls of the Old City lie important shrines of three religions. For the Jews there is the Wailing Wall, on the site of Solomon's Temple. For the Moslems there is a minaret marking the

spot where Muhammad is said to have galloped up to heaven. For the Christians there is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on the site where (some sects believe) Christ was entombed.

Israelis carefully respect the rights and shrines of other religions. There is a story of the American Jew who was caught fucking an Arab girl in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. His excuse was that they didn't have any other place to do it. He got six months in jail. The girl was *killed* by her brother Arabs.

I was afforded another time-warp experience when I saw the Hasidim dressed in their Friday best—black coats and fur-rimmed hats, a throwback to 18th-century Polish aristocracy. Seeing these men walking in groups through the ancient streets, I felt as if I were in 18th-century Warsaw. I drove through the streets, stopping only for the roadblocks and to check out some Arab nightclubs. They were deserted. I was close to giving up when I spotted three bodies hitchhiking—they looked like high-school girls. With nothing to lose, I slammed on the brakes. They were students—American, Dutch and French—at the Hebrew University.

Experience has taught me that three

chicks can be more of a liability than a windfall, especially three smart Jewish chicks. I quickly chose a strategy: Mr. Nice Guy. "Look, I really have nothing to do, so if you girls need a ride somewhere..." They had nothing to do either!

The Dutch girl was as cute as they come, but distant. The American—no slouch either—had a very straight personality and was a bit of a princess. The French girl was the least attractive, but probably the most intelligent and obtainable. I needed a common denominator: "Ahhh...do you girls like hash?" Two of them produced hash pipes with the speed of an exhibitionist exposing himself to a passing train.

Stoned, I was led on a walking, talking, riding tour of the city. "I don't know how these people live under this constant pressure," one of them said as a soldier checked us out at a roadblock.

The girls were sympathetic to the country's predicament, but resentful of the Israelis' attitude toward outsiders—particularly the attitude of the men. I was used as a sounding board for their multifarious moanings on the muchomachismo of Israeli manhood.

"See here," Ricki, the American girl, said as we stood in front of the sexually

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segregated Wailing Wall. "Even this great symbol of Judaism is prejudiced against women."

Herod's wall was alive with vegetation and lined with worshippers fervently nodding and praying. It was about midnight. I donned a skullcap and approached the wall. A Hasid approached me and began a Hebrew litany. I excused myself by saying, "I am a gentile." He replied to the effect, "Doesn't matter—I'll convert you." The old boy wanted a contribution to some charity, so, for the equivalent of \$1.50, I left the Wailing Wall an honorary Jew. Waving my receipt, I said to the girls, "Now that I'm Jewish, why don't we go to my hotel and have an orgy?" This went over like a lead blintz, but they did agree to accompany me to the hotel to smoke some more hash and check the place out.

"I'm sorry, but the rules don't permit guests up to the rooms after 10:30," the night clerk told me.

"Ten-thirty!" I said. "This place is like a youth hostel." At that moment I hated the night clerk more than any Arab had ever hated an Israeli.

"Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," were my Coleridgian feelings as we drove to Ricki's dorm. After much conversation the situation evolved as follows: The Dutch girl had the clap and sounded proud of it, and the French girl was fine but not my style. That left Ricki, the Jewish-American Princess from Arizona. I moved in like a desert rattler, had her cornered and was trying to dab a piece of hash behind her ear in lieu of perfume. But she sidled away, saying something to the effect that she wasn't a first-night squeeze. This squeezed out whatever life was left in my putz.

The next day I met an old friend, Robin, a former newspaper reporter from New York. She echoed what the three girls had said about Israeli men. Twice she had been stiffed on second dates with Israelis because she hadn't balled the first time out.

"Clearly then," I said, "the local custom is to bring your diaphragm along on the first date."

She wisely ignored this and led me on a walking tour of the Hasidim's home turf, Mea Sharim. A sign warned us as we entered: WOMEN IN IMMODEST DRESS ARE STRICTLY FORBIDDEN IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. They weren't kidding. "Immodest dress" includes a display of bare arms and legs, and women who walk through like that are literally stoned. The Hasidic wives either shave their heads or keep their hair permanently covered as a symbol of modesty. For their part the men

are forbidden to look upon women in the street, and they looked away as Robin and I passed them.

Briefly, the Hasidim do not recognize the state of Israel because they believe no Jewish state can exist until the Messiah's return. They are, by and large, a poor people who live off the charity of international Jewry and are exempt from military service. Other Israelis fight and die so that the Hasidim can pray thrice daily in Jerusalem's temples. Consequently, there's little love lost between most Israelis and the Hasidim. On the other hand, the Hasidim represent what Israel is all about: a place for all Jews to practice their religion in peace. But so far, peace has eluded them.

Israel is an egalitarian society—no one has very much money. Many homes use gasoline heaters due to the high cost of electricity, and most Israelis entertain at home because they can't afford the expense of going out. Dropping \$4 or \$5 in a bar is considered a big night, and excellent \$10-\$15 range restaurants are frequently empty. Yet Israelis tend to be mutually supportive, as evidenced by the kibbutz settlement communities and even by Jerusalem's packed buses, in which all the riders will shout and bel- low if one of their number wants the driver to stop. However, visitors often experience a sense of cold detachment and hostility. I was riding in the front seat of a cab, for example, while the driver took a woman to her destination. She was nagging him continually in Hebrew, and he kept shrugging. After she left he told me, "She said I shouldn't talk to you because you don't speak Hebrew. She's crazy."

Considering the pressure that they're under, Israelis have the right to be a little nuts. However, experiences like this—and there were several for me—tended to leave me with a generally negative impression of the people there.

"Let's go over to Michael's apartment. Michael is an Israeli you'll really like," Robin said.

She was right. Michael was a Polish Jew who immigrated to Israel as a child. Self-educated and proud of it, he works as a government guide chauffeuring visiting philanthropists and dignitaries. His services cost \$90 a day, of which he gets one-third, a free phone and a percentage of his gasoline bill reimbursed. This is considered a very good deal in Israel. He was a totally crazed delight, and he became ecstatic when he discovered I worked for HUSTLER.

When I was finally able to get Michael off the topic of HUSTLER, I

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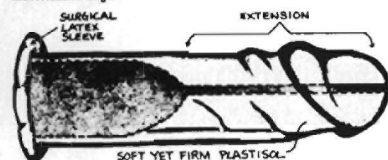
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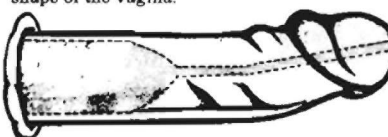
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asked about sex in Jerusalem. Specifically, were there any whores there at all? Richard, another Israeli, said there were none, while Michael—who tended to be contrary on all issues just for the sake of contradiction—said, “No. Well, maybe there are four or five.”

Michael was a patriot who had fought in several wars. He was typically self-effacing about it. Yet, with total detachment, he agreed that Israelis were uptight. He termed it “schizophrenic.” He felt that the worst aspects of the country were the time-wasting aspects of a Western-style bureaucracy together with the runaway inflation, which obliges everyone to work two jobs. “It is the Israeli ‘Catch-22.’ Everyone works around the clock, and no one does anything right. Everything is half-assed except on the kibbutz: The farmers are the most efficient people in the whole country.” On the other hand, he boasted of Israel’s ability to produce sophisticated weapons. “By the 1980s we expect to be producing fighter planes at least as advanced as the F-15.”

Michael’s statement underscores many ironies. The Middle East is a Gordian knot of complexity. Distrust, special-interest groups, jealousies and rivalries continuously complicate the situation. Egypt, mostly for status and a show of Pan-Arabism, remains inflexible on the Palestinian issue and unrealistic about Israel’s genuine need for defensible borders. One thing is clear: Both countries have been crippled by 30 years of wartime economy. Egypt is just beginning to emerge from its backward-nation status—an emergence that will be stillborn unless it can parlay some of its credits for guns to butter. Economically, Israel is still struggling.

Given the minor miracles already accomplished by the Israelis—like their hothouses, which produce 30 to 40 crops a year—Michael’s claim didn’t sound extravagant. “It seems sad,” I said, “that you can’t pour your technology and resources into something more positive than fighter planes.”

Michael shrugged: “Yes, but this is simply a fact of life here. We Israelis are used to it.”

With an early-morning flight to make and the only local hotel booked solid, I spent my last night in Israel sleeping on a baggage counter at the airport. Anywhere else in the world this would have been a major drag, but in Israel, where you’re surrounded by sacrifice, it hardly seemed a big deal. Besides, I had some Tuinals and a cute kibbutznik from New Zealand to help me through the night. With a cheerful girl to curl up with, it was hardly a bed of nails. 



## PINK FLAMINGO

(continued from page 82)

let any gentlemen callers come into the house. Not even a salesman. It was Noah who filled the small circle of her heart's experience. Mama was sullen and not given to frolic or affection.

Deepening into dream, Julie remembered haying season, sliding down straw hills, walking through fireweeds with Noah, sucking knobs of purple clover. And then she brought back that day. They were stretched out on their sides under the forked tree whose odd branches trailed over the shimmering lake, dripping blossoms. She was helping Noah practice his letters. Molly, the neighbor woman, waved and called to her: "Child, I just made some fresh apple cider."

They went inside her kitchen, which always smelled of lemons and baking bread. Scurrying around the nickle-plated stove, with her hat still blooming on her head, Molly came up with a plate of cookies and cool cider. Childless, she indulged Noah and Julie with little gifts from time to time. That day she gave Noah a tiny paper flag on a toothpick and Julie a corn-shuck doll.

Seeing how it was going to rain, Julie took her brother by the hand, and they started home. Shelves of dark clouds settled down, releasing battering rain. They took refuge under an ancient elm. Suddenly a pitchfork of lightning sprang from nowhere. Noah jerked like a startled rabbit, and fell. The next morning, when Molly found them, Noah's arm was still resting—lightly as a Victrola's—on his sister's. When Julie came out of the state hospital, all she had left of Noah was the sagging wire fence around his grave and the blue-veined lilies she leaned against its small stone every Sunday.

Leo shook her. She opened her eyes. She looked prettier to him. Something like a child after a cry, with shiny eyes and a swollen face. Except Julie's eyes were dry. Something in her face aroused him. He got out of the car and opened her door. With a mock bow he motioned to the backseat.

They pressed against the imitation-leather back like they were watching a movie. The buttons on his pants were still open. She moved closer and caught his penis in her hand, moving lightly up and down the shaft. It slipped through her fingers like a votive fish. His shirt grew dark in spots. Peering up from his trunk, she ran her fingers under the shirt, feeling muscular flesh. Reading him like braille, her fingers stopped at

marbled welts.

He put his hand over hers, unbuttoned his shirt, displaying the wound like a child. She pressed against him in sympathy. She wanted to take all the pain he ever had away. She played with his penis, using all her clever strokes. It rose like a totem against her pubic bone. She was topping him like a soft blanket, her body the mirror image of his. They squeezed into the length of the seat, fingers tipping. She rubbed his cock against her belly. And like a slow giant he slipped inside her.

They lay quietly moving for a long time. Then he began to thrust furiously. She felt his semen ribbon down her thighs. Her cheap perfume could not slaughter the rising smell of sex locked into the car.

"There's no finer smell in all of nature," he said.

And for once she remained silent.

Her lips started moving downward and around his loins. She managed to kneel on one leg and suck him. She would draw him in very slowly, release his acorned tip and then suck him in again, cupping his balls until they felt like warm eggs. While she did this, he fiddled with her brassiere. Her full, dark-nippled breasts fell into his hands.

Julie stopped sucking and thrust them outward, wetting her finger with

the dampness of her cunt and circling her nipples. She offered him a breast. He sucked her nipples, biting until they pointed like bullets. He squeezed them between his fingers and rolled them with his tongue, kneading her breasts until she screamed with pleasure.

She wriggled down again to his cock, suckling it like an infant, then up a little ways, licking his budded navel. Sitting up, she outlined his cock profiled against her leg, and he twisted her long, dark pubic hairs around his finger.

He reached over to the front seat and opened the glove compartment. When he fell back, he had a flashlight in his hands. "Lean back."

He opened her cunt with two fingers, and the beam caught the shades of purple in her vault. He pushed back the hood of her clit. She could feel the heat of the flashlight on it. He made fast circles around her swollen sex, and she came, clamping her legs on his wrist.

"You have a nice cunt, lady."

She fingered her clit. "I call him my little man in a boat." The moon receded behind clouds, then reappeared, turning secrets. She looked at him. "Your eyes have gone all bloodshot," she said with concern.

"The way I view the world."

Julie looked for the soldier all that

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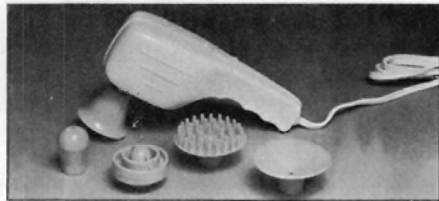


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week, but he never showed. She liked him. He was the classy, dark and silent type, she classified. Not like those blabbermouths who tell you all they know.

Just when she gave up hope, three weeks later to the night, he walked in. She was busy with a customer, but she gave him a big wave. Excited, she felt like playing leapfrog, but business was business. The big man she was with was fat and stiff-collared, with a pitted red face.

When he smiled, wrinkles raked around his eyes and mouth like crosssties. He kept slobbering all over her, pinching and kissing her cheek, like a grandmother at a train station.

"Well, baby, whaddaya say. It's more than a feel I want."

"For money, honey, you can have it all."

"You're on. Let's beat this joint."

Reaching for her sweater, with a little bunny embroidered in sequins on the front, she saw Leo take something out of his coat pocket, cupping it in his hand. He looked like he was talking to himself.

"How's about another round?" she suddenly said.

"Hey, little lady, you're not stallin', are ya?"

She had a flashback of another night burning in her mind—getting mauled, winding up with a bunkered face, spitting up blood and sawdust.

"You're a real nice guy, but I just got this sudden thirst." She hoped that patched things up. He was a cannonball of a man, but seemed the friendly type. She'd talk him into using the backseat and confine him to the parking lot. This way she could ensure her meal money and keep bivouac on Leo.

"How about goin' 'round the world right in the backseat of your car—to remind you of your high-school sweetheart?"

"That sounds better than the good old days—never had a car then and never had a sweetheart."

"Well, ya have one tonight."

They sat on a sandy Army blanket in the backseat. She pulled his pants down around his ankles and his white socks. He peeled off the dark hose glazing her thin legs. Black garters dangled like streamers. He made a panicked rush for her sex. He rubbed her cunt hard. She said her usual things, calling them by their dirty names. He pushed her down and chewed on her breasts through the fuzzy sweater. He started to remove her panties.

"Hey, these say Saturday, and it's Tuesday."

"So, whaddaya want, a discount?"

He used his finger like a calving tool. She tried to divert his attentions and started playing with his penis, picking off stray hairs like bits of tobacco. He moved in closer, catching her in an awkward embrace, sucking in an eye, capping her lower lip between his teeth.

She was thinking that a girl needs accident insurance with a big lug like this.

Beads of sweat, like planets, began to roll off his forehead. Her teeth sunk into his shoulder, mostly out of retaliation, and she pressed against him, grinding herself against his growing member. She removed it from his stretched Jockey shorts, like removing a cheese from cellophane. It fell in an erect arc over his leg, long and knobby, like an ancient walking stick.

"You're sure hung."

He clucked and laughed. A dog yowled, then started barking around the car. She lifted her skirt up to her chin and mounted him, perched like a bird on a spike. Riding, she moaned and groaned in high amplitude, making sure she was synchronized with his heavy breathing. Whenever she'd come up for air, she'd take a look at the front door, just to make sure Leo was safe inside.

"You sure know how to show a girl a good time."

"Yeah, baby, that's what they all say."

"You're one hell of a ma-a-a-n."

"Jody's the best-liked john in the East."

But when he came swiftly, he accused her of witchcraft as his penis became soft at the edges and slipped out. "Didya have a good one anyway?" he asked, like a poster slogan.

"The best, Jody."

She noticed his cock had shrunk to a candle stub. Feeling sorry for him, she gave him a big kiss and patted his testicles, squeezing them affectionately.

What the hell, she thought. *He sure didn't add any new stars to the heavens.*

Sperm thinned to thread between her legs. He gave her what she asked for and a couple extra. She folded the wrinkled bills into four and stuck them in her shoe. Combing her hair back into an upsweep, she pushed up her breasts, checked her seams and climbed out of the car.

Back in the bar, Leo was sitting on the same stool, in the same position, cupping his hands in the same way. Julie approached him. "Howya doin'? Long time no see."

"Yeah."

"Missed ya."



"Yeah."

He lit his last cigarette and crumbled the pack into a nest of ashes and butts. "Get me a fresh pack, will ya?"

"I ain't no cigarette-girl, but for you, honey, OK."

She tossed the pack of Luckies on the counter. "Whatcha holdin' in your hand?"

He opened his fist. A tiny white mouse uncurled its raw pink tail. "Big as my thumbnail when she was born," he said.

She clicked her nails on the counter. "Ah, ain't she cute? Well, whatcha want to drink, babymouse?" She touched the tiny creature lightly with her forefinger.

He smiled for the first time. "You like animals? You're a good kid."

She blushed. Something inside rose like mercury. He poured her a whiskey from an open bottle inside his coat pocket. "Drink up."

"Here's to you, babymouse," she drank.

He drank with her. She petted the mouse again.

"You're just big enough to live inside my dollhouse."

"Aren't you too big to play with dolls?"

"Don't have any dolls. My old man built me the house when I was a kid. It had everything—tables, chairs, even a vase with paper flowers, and curtains on all the windows."

Leo started to talk... told her about the Army, his dead buddy, his Dear John, his bad back. His mood was dolorous, but she was a devoted listener who cradled his words. Her eyes pumped more heat than light.

"And then the fucking old crow of a landlady tells me I have to clear out 'cause of this mice cage."

"Hey, sweetheart, don't you worry. You can have free digs at my place for as long as you like."

She was a sucker for sad dogs. He came home with her that night. The next day they picked up his one dented suitcase, slammed shut on dirty shirt-sleeves. She brushed aside the empty can and spoon on the kitchen table, sticky with ghostly smells of other meals. She put the mouse cage down. He opened the refrigerator and found a beer. He lay down on the bed. She unpacked his things and found space in the chiffonier. He fell asleep with his hands over his face. She went out early to make some dough. It felt real nice coming home to "her man."

At first he was nice—the way he'd touch both breasts, kiss her lips and pubic hair, like he was making the sign of the cross. And when one night he

clasped her from behind, she didn't resist, but said, "Smaller men than you have tried."

He lubricated himself with some Brylcreem and pushed between her buttocks. He entered her slowly, twisting until she felt it pop through the tight opening. After the pain subsided, she began to enjoy the new sensation and arched her hips, moving rhythmically with him. The sheets were sodden. He pumped faster. She screamed out. His sperm flew like feathers. Afterward she felt elated, like a child who learned to balance on a bike.

"You have a nice bed, lady."

She was in love. She fingered the veins in his forearms, cannibalizing them into her romantic fantasy.

"Your tits are swinging like wedding bells," he said to her one night, straddling her from behind again.

She lay awake all night for a week, too excited to fall asleep. She watched the moon get fatter and listened to the thud of trucks on the inky highway. Each morning she brought him tea in a chipped mug, made with hot tap water. Soup tins piled up. He crawled inside her whenever he wanted. Bellies and chests slapped alternately in a fisherman's paddle.

"Sweetenderyoungthaing," she called his penis.

Julie went to work, and he went back to sleep. He mentioned how he loved

walnuts—hadn't had any since he enlisted. She spent half her take on a pound. He opened the first one. It was wormy.

"Never get anyplace first."

"Ya got one place first, sweetie, and I have a sore bum to prove it."

He went into the bathroom and washed and shaved, staring at his face in the broken vanity mirror. He dressed, wearing the new shirt she bought him. And just last night she surprised him with a civilian seersucker suit. She helped him into the jacket.

"Ya look real nice, Leo."

"Then I guess I'll be movin' on."

"Where ya goin', Leo?"

"Nowhere."

His gaze went past her like a bolt. Her heart went silent, as if it had been amputated. In a burst of hysteria she pounded and clawed his chest, crying, pleading with him to stay. He pushed her aside. She fell across the kitchen table. The cage fell over. The mouse scampered and disappeared.

"Stupid bitch, see what you did?"

He walked out. The door slapped in her face.

The next morning she found the white mouse stiff, its head in a Heinz tin rolling on the floor. Picking it up by its rubbery pink tail, she baptized it in the toilet and flushed. Folded over the cold porcelain sink, she looked like a ticket torn in half.







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## MAY

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With the use of a razor blade and cellophane tape, a low-level government accountant managed to embezzle almost \$1 million of the taxpayers' money, and was caught only because of his conspicuous spending. Bill Sibert's case raises a question: Just how much of our money is spent for the personal gain of others? By Jean Callahan.



**CIRCUMCISION**—Even though America considers itself the most civilized nation in the world, we are one of the few countries that still sanctions routine male circumcisions—despite both the American Academy of Pediatrics' opposition to the practice and the wealth of medical evidence against it. Report by Tim Conaway.

**INSTANT VOTER REGISTRATION**—What can be done about America's political apathy, which allows incompetent politicians seeking self-gain to stay in office year after year? Writer Jeff Gottlieb explains why the solution—instant voter registration—is a workable cure feared by most politicians.

**THE SECOND COMING**—In this satirical work by Richard Paget, Jesus Christ appears to Jimmy Carter, Russia's Leonid Brezhnev, Reverend Sun Myung Moon, Larry Flynt and many others. Find out what Christ has to say to these people in an effort to solve mankind's problems.



**PHOTO-FEATURES**—Next month's sizzling photo-spreads may well be the hottest in our history: **A ROMP IN THE HAY** features the time-honored tale of the farmer's daughter and the hired hand; **RICKSHA GIRL** reveals the pleasures of taking a sailor for a ride in a foreign port; and fans of hot blondes will go bowlegged over **PAMELA**, our centerfold.

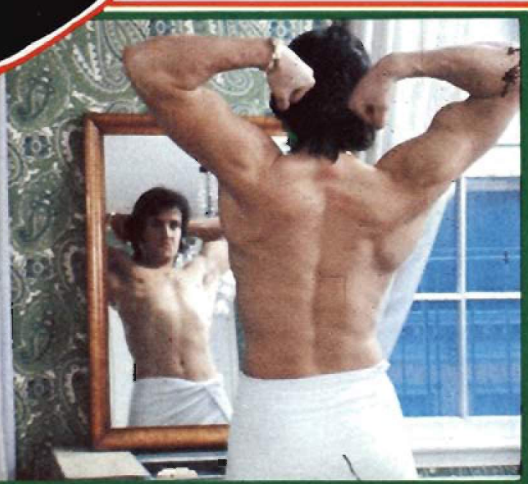
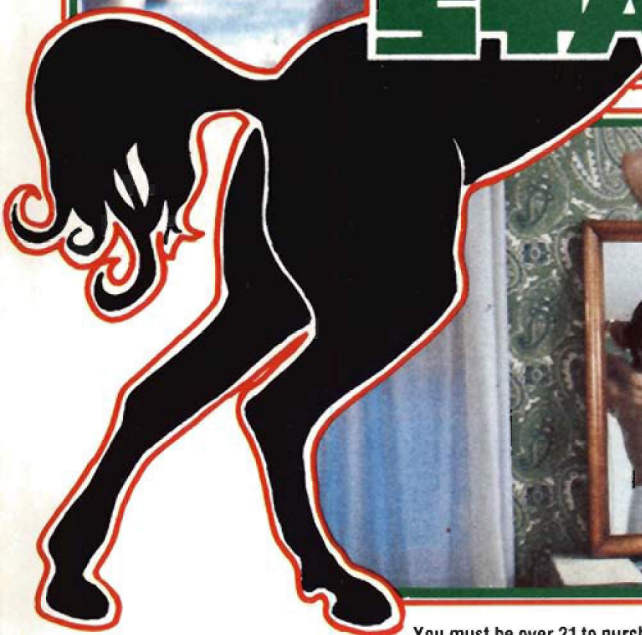
**PLUS**—A May Day celebration of your favorite monthly features, including **BITS & PIECES**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BEAVER HUNT**, **HONEY** and **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK**.



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